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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

NEW YORK has been disgraced in the late election by frauds which decent men of whatever party should unite to expose and to punish. Ordinarily speaking, the knaves who engineer this sort of business are sufficiently adroit to cover their tracks. Suspicion may be rife in the community that something is wrong, but none can tell precisely how or where the wrong has been done. But in the present case, either through carelessness, haste, or simple, brazen hardihood, the tracks were left uncovered. In other words, the election returns from several districts show a greater number of votes than the district registries show names—instead of, as in the legitimate course of things, falling more or less short. There can be no explaining away a fact like this. It is unanswerable. It reflects discredit on the city, on the state, and, in general, on our institutions. The dirty business should be cleared up, whatever the cost and whoever the offenders; and the latter should be branded with indelible ignominy and subjected to the severest penalties the law can inflict.

Some will say this cannot be done. There are always some to say that any given righteous thing cannot be done. We are of a different opinion, and believe it can be done. The dirty work in question has been effected by means of money. Money has passed from corrupt rich hands to unscrupulous poor ones. The latter, the immediate agents in the job, can be ferreted out, and through them the greater scoundrels, their employers. It is not fit that New York should quietly submit to the stain these wretched transactions affix to her escutcheon. It is alike the duty and the interest of every upright citizen, be he Democrat or Republican, Radical or Conservative, to see to it that this matter is probed through to the quick, to see to it that the infamous conspirators should be held up to public scorn, and should not be allowed to wriggle through the meshes of the law so as to escape the punishment merited by their crime.

In such a case as this we for one will be no respecter of persons or parties. It is said that the Republicans cheated in Pennsylvania, and that prominent men of the party boasted in advance of the absolutely certain efficacy of the nefarious precautions that had been adopted. This may be true or may be false. Allegations of the kind are common to all political parties when speaking of opponents here and everywhere. But our estimate of their value must depend upon the nature and weight of the evidence. Are there instances in Philadelphia of districts giving enormous Republican majorities, where at the same time the aggregate vote is far in excess of the registry? Are there instances in New York of districts giving great Republican majorities, where, in like manner, the combined vote outruns the registry? Only by these or similar authenticated parallels can the *tu quoque* argument, for Democratic purposes, be of any present avail. But we cannot conceive that the honest of the Democratic party will wish to deal in such recrimination. There is certainly no reason, not even one of temporary bitterness or disappointment, why they should. Mr. Hoffman's election is probably sound enough, even with all the debatable majorities thrown out. But in any case two wrongs cannot make a right, and that the proof of one wrong is dubious constitutes no ground for ignoring the overwhelming proof of the other.

But for our own part we do not believe that the rascally tricks we discuss are chargeable solely to Democrats. We believe that Republican cunning aided in concocting the villany, and that, unless something untoward follows exposure, Republican pockets will profit by it. Not a few will start at this, and exclaim that it is paradoxical nonsense. Of such we ask patience for a moment. There has scarcely been a piece of rank jobbery, scarcely a bold swindle, perpetrated in New York city for a dozen years but that

certain speculators who act ostensibly and conspicuously with the Republican party have been gainers by it. In some of the most flagrant and notorious cases such men have been the devisers and promoters of the scheme, and have fobbed the lion's share of the spoil. Sometimes they have had violent quarrels with the Democrats whose services were requisite to carry out their plots, and who made too large a mouth in the hour of consummation. At this moment one of the most shameful machines for systematically plundering the city, a machine that filches from the Treasury more than a quarter of a million a year, a machine that is now and then mildly condemned by the daily press, *but which somehow no one ever does anything to check*, is owned by, and run in the interest of, prominent Republicans as well as prominent Democrats.

We have not the least doubt in our own minds that the late election frauds were conceived and carried out by a similar coalition for similar infamous ends. The danger to the public interest is that the daily journals will, unfortunately, be led by considerations such as have heretofore induced them to shut their eyes to the truths contained in our last paragraph to be equally blind for the future. Where Republicans who own large interests in newspapers are connivers in dirty work and sharers in plunder with Democrats in municipal power, the unfortunate public is likely to be a hoodwinked as well as a helpless sufferer. What has been done before with impunity is likely to be done again. The enormous patronage of the Empire State was a magnificent prize to play for, but one that required unscrupulousness, boldness, plenty of money, and, above all, a special means to muzzle the press, to gamble for it with good chances of present success and subsequent immunity from disagreeable consequences. There are certain kinds of combinations which are highly favorable to "hushing up" affairs that have turned awkwardly awry. Overconfidence in this peculiar virtue, no doubt, occasioned the blunders we have just witnessed; blunders which the thieves of ringleaders by this time think worse than their own crimes, but which will prove most salutary blunders for the public if through them the past and present misdeeds of the swollen scoundrels who have so long robbed the city shall be sifted and expiated. To this end we shall do all that lies in our power.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

GENERAL GRANT is to-day not only the strongest man in America, but the strongest man who has ever been in America. Strong, we mean, not only in the nature and extent of his influence, but in the magnificent opportunities and facilities for doing good which, in entering upon his administration, will open before him. In the great majority by which he has been elected lies a positive force which may work untold benefit for the country hereafter. Some superficial people have censured *The Round Table* for inconsistency because, considering Grant's election to be a certainty, it expressed the hope that his majority would be a large one. Reflection may show all of these critics, as it has already shown some of them, that there was a meaning and a purpose in our seeming inconsistency not incompatible with the principles we have advocated. A heavy majority for Grant means independence for Grant of the extreme left wing of the Republican party. There is more real difference between the extremists and moderates of that party than there is between moderate Republicans and moderate Democrats; and a heavy majority for Grant means that this important fact can be put to use by him for the solid good of the whole country. He is strong, then, in the sense of having free hands and enjoying the confidence of the masses of the people. Whether he is strong enough intellectually and morally to make the best of this commanding situation, is not quite so certain. There is not the least doubt about General Grant's being strong enough when he has to deal only with open and avowed enemies. The question to be solved is, whether he will have equal power when dealing only with real or pretended friends.

We cordially trust that it may prove so. There is no jot of sinister feeling to leaven the cheerful spirit with which, as we have repeatedly said, we accept the fact of this election. The will of the people has been expressed in a manner to which, so far as the main

result goes, none can take exception; since, even were all the states in the Union, and all the electoral votes not yet admitted cast in the adverse scale, Grant would still be President. Meanwhile and despite of this the extraordinary vitality exhibited by the Democratic organization and its success in carrying the great state of New York seem to promise a healthful balance unfavorable to the extremists of either side. The situation is in almost every respect precisely the one that a patriotic and far-seeing statesman might be supposed to desire when, in acceding to office, it was his hope to confer the greatest attainable benefits upon his country. We think, too, that there are good reasons for the confidence so widely expressed by our Republican friends that their candidate will be equal in all respects to the splendid occasion. The self-reliance, the resolution, and the moderation in victory which we must all allow General Grant has abundantly shown are admirable qualities for a president as well as for a leader of armies. They do not, to be sure, afford any guarantee of proficiency in statesmanship, of any grasp of politico-economic subjects, except in so far as they guarantee what is primarily essential to such proficiency and such grasp, *i. e.*, sturdy common sense; but even this is a great deal. And when we add to it the fact that Grant has shown something very like genius in the skill with which during the war he picked men out to do exceptionally difficult things, we may admit that a good case is made out in favor of the theory that he is destined to make a powerful and capable President.

He will have, in the way of volunteer advisers, almost as great an army as ever he led in the field, and one not quite so easy to make use of or put out of the way, but we may hope the same strong will that controlled his campaigns will govern his treatment of these pseudo counsellors. Already hundreds are pressing claims upon him, now for this, now for that; some with cajoleries, some with threats. There are two or three dozen newspapers that nominated him for the Presidency, and that will urge this strenuously in behalf of their claims to patronage. But Grant doubtless knows, as we all know, that Vicksburg and Richmond nominated him before any of the journalists did, and will shape his course accordingly. That no possible conduct of his will satisfy the Radical leaders is as plain in advance as a pikestaff. Those of New York city, especially those of the press, have promised their followers places by the score, and there is one office in which the herd of snuffling and expectant parasites is almost innumerable. But they and their leader may as well make up their minds to the inevitable to-day as to-morrow. The policy of the incoming administration, for reasons that will strengthen every day, is certain to be conservative; and there is even reason to doubt that the much-coveted and often-denied Postmaster-Generalship will be again withheld from the quarter where it has already, unhappily, been in a measure discounted.

CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATIONS.

WHETHER the Constitution of the United States was, or was not, an instrument, made as a compact of federation, by sovereign states, for the purposes of self-protection and self-government, was a question of fact, which could have been settled by evidence, even before the instrument became operative. Supposing such question to have been decided and left behind, it is plain that after that the government which is originated, directed, and controlled in the instrument, was, in doing its assigned duties, to "make plain the meaning" of the said instrument, by interpretation, as to those duties, and the rights affected, as occasion might require. The language generally being clear, interpretation is seldom necessary—only exceptional words or sentences or paragraphs being doubtful, and requiring to be made plain by interpreters. The need of interpretation, then, is limited; but we have a class of commentators who disregard the letter of the instrument under the pretext of pursuing the spirit of it. They say that "to interpret a constitution, or other body of laws, is to make plain the meaning," etc., and they proceed to interpret the instrument, *as a whole*, to mean what no part of it signifies; what its makers never contemplated; what no line of history supports, and what the records of the country dis-

prove. *The North American Review*, a good representative of this class, said in 1865: "Many an act which dull, narrow, and cold-hearted persons esteem unconstitutional, is now seen by most men to be only the application of the principles of the Constitution as against the letter of it—of the whole as against a part of it, of the main or controlling part as against the less important parts." We fear this is the view of "A Veteran Observer," a letter from whom we print elsewhere in this issue, for, while belittling the importance of "contemporaneous expositions by its framers," he talks of "interpreting" the Constitution "in the light of its language at the period of its formation," and in the "light" "shed through proper development of its words since." This class of expositors vaguely talk of the designs of the framers, and the great ends held in view; but write column after column of their own lucubrations without deigning to quote "contemporaneous expositions," though these are abundant. Are they better expositors than the fathers?

Let us proceed now to compare the views of "A Veteran Observer" with the "contemporaneous expositions." We must note, at the outset, that we have two classes of law-makers to consider: 1st, The sovereigns or sovereignty of the country, who make organic laws, *i. e.*, constitutions or frames of government; and, 2d, The delegative law-makers, who, being authorized in the said organic laws, by the first named, do, as their agents, make statutes or rules of action for the subjects of government, *i. e.*, the people—this phrase, of course, including the rulers themselves. It is plain that the existence and rights of the sovereign authority cannot be subjected to interpretation, for this is a delegative function, while the ultimate, absolute, and supreme authority establishes all delegations, and necessarily remains above all the laws that embody them. Interpretation, therefore, does not reach the author or authors of "the supreme law of the land," but must be used to "make plain" the constitutional rights and duties of deputed rulers and of subjects.

Now let us extract the leading dogmas of "A Veteran Observer": 1. "Each state was sovereign prior to union." "The nature of the state government was that of sovereignty." 2. "Sovereignty, by common consent, is made up of powers." "The habit has been to account the thing delegated as, in the strict sense, a part of the thing which constituted the original authority to delegate." 3. "The effect of a state's delegation of its powers to the government of the United States was to lessen its original sovereignty. Hence the Constitution is the medium through which the lessening was produced—that is, through which the essence of sovereignty was transferred from the individual states; and hence the general government is clothed now with just the amount of sovereignty which was transferred," etc.

We remark: I. That the "state government" cannot be sovereign, because the political body called the state created it, and gave to it the only jurisdiction it can possess. The civil or moral being which thus acted must be sovereign, and "A Veteran Observer" concedes that it "was sovereign prior to union." This, in reality, admits away his whole case. But let that pass.

II. Sovereignty has all authority. In its commands or laws it delegates "powers," remaining superior to them, as well as to its agents or instruments. In the review which "A Veteran Observer" criticises, we distinguished clearly between sovereign authority and its delegations; but, as he still doubts, we ask if, while commanding his children and servants, and delegating authority to them to execute his purposes, he gradually loses authority over them, and subjects himself to their governance? Is his jurisdiction—*i. e.*, his right to speak authoritatively—at all abated by his successive orders? Did God, in governing Israel, lose by degrees His authority and become subject to His vicarious instruments? "A Veteran Observer" will find, by studying Vattel, Lieber, and other publicists, that sovereignty is indivisible, and is not made up of "powers;" and hence, that delegating these to the federal and state governments cannot import a transfer of sovereignty, and a consequent loss of freedom. To us these propositions are too plain for argument.

III. To cover this point, as well as the ground of the preceding ones, let James Wilson, the great statesman and jurist of Pennsylvania, who mainly caused

her to adopt the Constitution, and who was one of the early judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, speak for us: "Sovereignty never goes from the people." It "resides in them before they make a constitution, and remains in them after it is made." We also quote Samuel Adams, one of the greatest and most influential leaders of rebellion in Massachusetts. As the leader of the opposition in the ratifying convention, he finally assented to the adoption of the Constitution, saying that he did so because, in the system proposed, "each state retains its sovereignty." And afterward, to wit, on July 4, 1789, he wrote to Richard Henry Lee, that the proposed amendment declaring that all powers not delegated are reserved would enable the people to "clearly see the distinction between the federal powers vested in Congress, and the sovereign authority belonging to the several states." And Judge Parsons, "the celebrated chief-justice of Massachusetts," in the ratifying convention of that state, characterized the new contrivance as "a government to be administered for the common good, by the servants of the people, vested with delegated powers, by popular elections, at stated periods. The federal Constitution," said he, "establishes a government of this description, and, in this case, the people divest themselves of nothing." So said Hamilton, Jay, Pinckney, Pendleton, Marshall, Madison, Washington, and others, and no one contradicted them—all agreeing (to use Hamilton's words) that "the people govern. They act by their immediate representatives."

We trust that "A Veteran Observer" is able now to see that "logic" is not "twisted into the most distorted sophistry, in the attempt to prove" that the delegation of power does not, in any degree, impair the sovereignty that delegates. In a republic, "the people divest themselves of nothing." It is a cardinal and very pernicious error to suppose that, in this kind of polity, sovereign power can, by any possibility, be in the government, for it is essential that it should reside in the people, *i. e.*, that they should have the unlimited right of self-government. If sovereignty is out of the people, so far a coercive power is out of them, and over them, which they cannot terminate at will; and their freedom and republican character are gone. Every original organic law of the country expressed or implied that "all political power is inherent in the people"—this phrase meaning the commonwealth which made the declaration.

"A Veteran Observer" confesses that "each state was sovereign prior to union." As they only "delegated" "powers" to "substitutes and agents," it follows that their right of self-government or sovereignty is in no degree diminished. And a single extract will show the state and federal governments to be, in created existence and derivative authority, precisely alike. In the federal, the Massachusetts, the New York, and the Virginia conventions it was held *non. con.*, as John Marshall expressed it in the last named, that: "It is the people that give power . . . and of whom their servants hold it. . . . Are not Congress and the state legislatures the agents of the people?" Coercive authority, then, is from and under the people; it is limited to what is given; it is to operate through courts on citizens; it was never intended to be over the sovereign commonwealths of people; and that of the federal and state governments is of the same nature—all vicarious.

We conclude with the following, because it combines the testimony of two of our greatest names in proof of our views; brings to light an inheritance of wisdom, which certain heirs ought to have seized of; and fully explodes "A Veteran Observer's" idea of imparting to a republican government any "essence," or essential qualities of sovereignty, instead of delegated authority, which must, *ex vi termini*, and from the nature of things, be vicarious, retractable, and ever subordinate. This letter was written by Roger Sherman to John Adams July 20, 1789:

"I fully agree with you, sir, that it is optional with the people of a state to establish any form of government they please—to vest the powers in one, a few, or many—and for a limited or unlimited time; and the individuals of the state will be bound to yield obedience to such government while it continues; but I am also of the opinion that they may alter their frame of government when they please—any former act of theirs, however explicit, to the contrary notwithstanding."

It is apparent that "A Veteran Observer" suffers much from "contemporaneous exposition." "Old things have become new" with him, for he has unwittingly foisted upon the Constitution the very dogmas which, in the beginning, were charged by ene-

mies to defeat it, and refuted by friends to secure its adoption. As to the prohibitions of coining money, making alliances, etc., which "A Veteran Observer" calls transfers of sovereignty, they were deemed by the fathers self-imposed inhibitions upon the states. The "supreme-law" clause was considered to imply sovereignty over, and not in, the government. And the guaranty of the republican form was a stipulation for the strength of all the states to protect each, and was to be effectuated only on the call of the state requiring it. We might remark upon some minor points and expressions, but all are covered by the single statement of Hamilton, which none of the fathers controverted, and which we adopt as our summing up, viz., that "the states are the essential component parts of the new system." In other words, the integers and not the fractions of the nation.

THE VALUE OF REPUTATIONS.

OF the many absurdities which afford the student of human nature subjects for laughter or tears there is none so harassing to his philosophy as the worship of false gods. To see the temple of the true God neglected and his priests held in contempt is a great strain on one's patience; but it is a much harder matter to view with equanimity the adoration of some fetish whose only claim to reverence lies in his being ugly or stupid. Yet the case is so common that it can scarcely excite surprise. In every family there is found at least one member, generally the most selfish and disagreeable, to whom the rest pay homage not less servile than that of slaves to their master. The will of this individual is obeyed without a murmur; his caprices are humored even when, as often happens, they make every one else uncomfortable; and his apothegms are treasured up and retailed as proverbs full of a wisdom applicable to any emergency. It is often a difficult matter to assign a reason for the existence of this phenomenon. When there are no qualities in the object himself to account for it, it sometimes arises from his being more self-asserting than the others, by which means he inspires them with a profound sense of his capabilities, of what he could do if he only chose to exert himself. At others, it dates its origin from the idol's infancy.

In families where there are many children there is usually one in particular of whom the parents make a favorite, and on whom they centre their hopes. This bright particular star is commonly of the masculine gender, because it affords more scope for ambitious dreams than the feminine. He does not generally produce a favorable impression upon strangers. To them he seems either an idiot or an imp, as the case may be. To his parents, however, he realizes every perfection, and what appear blemishes to others are to them undeniable signs of future greatness. Thus, if he is stupid, all men of genius were so in their youth; if he is saucy and mischievous, it is only because he is precocious. In the fullness of imagination they already see the future senator, bishop, or author, who is to render the family name immortal. Each bodily and mental peculiarity is at once noted by them as characteristic of genius. If young hopeful has a mole on his left foot, mamma remembers that his grandmother once told her that such a mark was a sure omen of great wealth or honors. In the meantime, while the fond parents are building their castles, the *enfant terrible* riots in impunity, making himself especially obnoxious to guests of the house by practical jokes, or innumerable rudenesses and annoyances—things which they cannot resent, lest they forfeit the friendship of two perhaps estimable persons.

It is Swift, we believe, who says that some people's brains can endure but one skimming—a fact not less trustworthy than that many people's can endure no skimming at all. The youth who grows up with the reputation of being a genius, thinks himself at length called upon to show what he can do. If he is more than usually foolish, he writes a book. Of course, as it is his first effort, it is likely to contain a few ideas, not, perhaps, original, but originally expressed. At all events, however bad it may be, it will be sure to increase his reputation with his own immediate circle, as well as with those simple-minded people who divide their veneration between authors and clergymen. If he is prudent, he will content himself with this substitute for fame. This, however, he rarely does, for the good reason that whatever cause a man may have for

thinking himself a fool, he cannot be expected to do so when others assure him of his wisdom. Should his first work, by some accident, acquire a little popularity, he need not have much fear for the success of his second. A proper amount of puffing, like the setting to a sham jewel, will lure the public into buying his wares. He has now got the name of being a popular author, on which, with a little judicious management, he will be able to live for the rest of his life. Perhaps there are few positions more to be envied, in a certain worldly sense, than that of such an individual. Your true man of genius is usually a poor, half-starved creature; but even when he has forestalled posthumous fame and converted it into ingots wherewith to get sleek and fat, he is always at the mercy of his critics. The least pin-thrust makes him writhe. The other, on the contrary, has his vanity tickled by abuse. He regards it as the homage paid by envy to superior merit. Critics, to him, are either mercenary or spiteful; if they cannot be bought, they are not worth buying. The self-complacency of such a character is one of the most enviable qualities ever bestowed on human nature. From such a panoply the deadliest spear-thrust will glance harmlessly. The world also, perhaps to save itself trouble, is given to taking people at their own valuation, and when it has been cheated is slow to discover it. It likes to have the reputation of encouraging merit, although it is not particular about the quality provided the surface is comely in its eyes. Much has been said of the advantages which literary men of this century have over those of previous ones, and this is true to a certain extent. There is not much fear now of a poet's having to poison himself in order to avoid starvation; at the same time true merit is probably as little appreciated as ever. The only real difference is that fashion has dignified literature with the name of a profession, while formerly it ranked with the lowest of trades. For this reason every scribbler who blows his own trumpet loud enough is at once admitted into the pleasant pastures of the *pays de Cocagne*, around which admiring thousands congregate to watch his unwieldy gambols, which, in their eyes, are the most graceful in the world. This is not the test of merit or the sign of progress.

Not in letters only, but in all the major and minor spheres of the social world, reputations are acquired with little or no reason. As a man by constant repetition of a lie gets at length to believe in it, the public, however suspicious in the beginning, are won over at last by reiterated self-assertion or adroit display. One good action, when extensively published and continually insisted on, will last a man for life, and enable him to die with the reputation of virtue; nay, more than this, the action itself needs to have no real existence, but may even be the product of imagination. Under cover of this reputation an individual can give his selfishness full play. He can make every one around him miserable, while keeping a character for moderation and benevolence. Death sometimes adjusts the balance, but on the other hand it often helps to crown the edifice of a life of hypocrisy. It is as difficult to root out infatuations as antipathies, and when their objects are no longer with us there is less likelihood of our awaking to their faults than to their virtues.

Hero-worship, in truth, seems to be a necessity of our nature. From childhood to old age we are constantly building temples in which to enshrine our idols. Sometimes we pull them down, but we are not iconoclasts from choice. The habit in itself is a good one, and would deserve no stricture were it merit only that received our adoration. But when people, otherwise sensible enough, prostrate themselves before some Yahoo whom they idealize into a god, the most indulgent cannot accuse them of less than imbecility. Perhaps this is the true key to the conduct of those in love, which is itself a form of insanity. With society, however, the case is different. Society is not swayed by affection or interest to form judgements contrary to reason. Yet, of all the Yahoos whom one meets in the world, those whom society worships are often the most repulsive. To excite love there should be at least something lovable in the object; but any charlatan, with good lungs and sufficient impudence, is sure of the admiration of the crowd.

OUR JEUNESSE DOREE.

THE influence in any community of a class elevated by reason of its wealth alone, without education, without culture, without liberality, and atoning for the absence of all these by a superabundance of the vices which ignorance and avarice so prolifically breed—the influence of such a class is not a wholesome influence. Most of all is it to be dreaded in a republican community, or, more accurately, in a republican community absorbed in commercial pursuits, where from the very necessity of its nature social standards are neither many nor accurate, nor social lines very nicely drawn; where the ethics of trade sooner or later become the code of society; where class distinctions are apt to depend rather on attributes than on essentials, and where money very soon acquires an inordinate and undue value as the only or, at least, the most apparent and effectual means of winning especial consideration. We do not need to dwell on the dangers of a moneyed aristocracy, nor to multiply examples. It asks no extraordinary intelligence to read all around us the signs of coming storm in the increasing vulgarization and debasement of society, in the growing taste for a senseless and tasteless extravagance, in the widespread corruption and reckless profligacy that are creeping like a cancer over our political institutions. Making all necessary allowance for the excess of partisan rancor, there is doubtless some foundation on either side for the incessant charges of fraud and bribery which our two great political parties are incessantly shrieking at each other; and to the impartial and temperate lover of his country the unpleasant picture affords food for ominous speculation. Happily, however, the poison in a measure provides its own antidote; our aristocrats somehow or other seem sadly unable to impart to their children any portion of their rude and hurtful vigor, or at most give them only their will without their capacity for evil.

It is herein that an aristocracy founded on wealth first shows its inherent weakness. Of course, the first study of every aristocracy is to perpetuate itself by having children, who shall in turn transmit the family name and honors as a precious thing to posterity. But when the name is one which only its gilding ennobles, and the honors are counted in dollars and cents, to disappear with them, the chances are that the heir to all this splendor will have much more reverence for the gold than for the glory of his ancestor. Birth, intellect, and physical strength have each in themselves something of intrinsic value, something which may fairly make them the foundation of an aristocracy; but money is an article whose value we ascertain only in losing. The energy and skill which acquired do not necessarily descend with it, and in their absence it is usually an engine of harm only to its possessor. The mistake most of our new rich make is in educating their children. For education not only lifts them to their own notion above the parental level, and teaches them a disproportionate regard for grammar and a corresponding contempt for the fourth commandment, under which the most pachydermatous of money-grubbers must wince, but reveals to them a thousand wants, opens to them a thousand paths of luxury and expenditure, of which their father was contentedly ignorant. Their main business in life they conceive to be to get rid of the ancestral hoards as speedily and as profitlessly as possible, and in this as in all other respects to manifest their pious, filial scorn by the widest divergence from parental precepts and practice.

Politics and trade alike they eschew with a lofty indifference. Elections on which the fate of a nation hangs are interesting to them only as furnishing the vehicle for innumerable bets. Literature they think of only to despise; in that feeble chaos of sensations and memories which serves them for minds it is associated too intimately and indissolubly with unkempt hair and hideous collars. It is true they have been through college, because it was the genteel thing to do and other fellows did it; and as no man can possibly go through college without some scant crumbs of learning adhering to his skirts, they generally respect Lindley Murray, and sometimes even, in unwelcome assaults of very intellectual people, struggle to infuse into their talk a thin flavor of inaccurate literary reminiscence. But, to do them justice, they try hard to repair this fault of circumstance by a thorough and accurate oblivion, doing better than the Bourbons by learning nothing and forgetting everything. Their midnight oil is wasted for other wooing than the courtship of the muse. Wisdom touches them lightly, and the only verse of Horace they take with them outside the college walls is *Dulce est desipere*. Art is to them an unknown land; though they cultivate the acquaintance of artists and affect the

connoisseur, because this too is *ton*. For the rest, they praise with an equal vehemence of ignorance Elliott's portraits and Prang's chromos; and Bierstadt is the same to them as Turner. But they are more at home in the *coulisses* than in the *atelier*, unless, perhaps, a pretty model gives exercise to the only real artistic sense they are ever conscious of. Law and medicine require some degree of brains, and the army is a bore. So they generally devote themselves to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and spend their lives and the parental money sowing vast quantities of wild oats which they sometimes reap. And as the cultivation of this particular crop requires peculiar soil, our gilded youth are found in many places where only an absorbing devotion to business can excuse them for venturing. Thus, a race seems to have more attraction for them than a sermon; and their faces and their names are more familiar in bar-room and billiard-hall and bagnio than in prayer-meeting or vestry. They are not pious, indeed, and they do not pretend to be; the Y. M. C. A. knows them not, and the "governor's" exaggerated godliness excites their liveliest scoffing and scepticism. But they have at least the merit of fidelity to business; their husbandry is prosecuted with unremitting ardor and diligence. In the intervals of toil they find relaxation from their arduous labors in the amusing pastime of leading society. The precise nature of this diversion it is difficult to define; it seems to consist mainly in wearing more gorgeous apparel, more stupendous diamonds, and longer moustaches, in driving more and faster horses, in drinking more champagne in public places, in dancing the German oftener and better, in spending more money more profitlessly and being more extolled for it in the papers than anybody else. In this inspiring contest our affluent young men vie with an innocent eagerness quite charming to behold, and the summit of his ambition is gratified of whom *The Evening Tattler* makes honorable mention for the surpassing splendor of his neck-ties or the peerless elegance of his imported drag.

So life glides on with these fortunate ones to whom the paternal ways and the paternal ambitions are unknown. In time they marry; some feminine leader of society, having exhausted the charm of that amusement, consents to bear their name and superintend its transmission. They have children, and now with them the aristocracy of wealth begins to be an aristocracy of birth. There is a certain sense of dignity in knowing one's grandfather; perhaps his portrait, by Trowell, adorns the parlors of the family mansion. But there is even less of his influence and authority in the third generation than in the second. His grandchildren, indeed, take a feeble interest, perhaps even an emasculated share, in affairs; they are decorously inane on most subjects of public weal, and they are highly ornamental and useless pillars of the church. They make excellent foreign ministers to third-rate courts, and they preside with dignified imbecility over great political meetings. Their names are names of weight in ecclesiastical conventions; their voices are freighted with authority in meetings of tract associations, but the clamorous world rolls on and takes no note of their shadowy respectability. They do not carry elections, they do not own legislatures, they do not make and unmake cabinets; they are too respectable and mindful of their grandfather, and from some far-off Elysium of affluence and railroad monopoly and legislative corruption that vigorous old gentleman looks scorn at his degenerate descendants.

The glory of the fathers are the children and the glory of a nation is its youth. Columbia is fond of exalting her sons and prone to find good in all that is hers; but even her facility of self-gratulation must find it difficult to extract much comfort from a youth like this. It is forbidden, we are told on good authority, to gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns; let us be thankful that the fruits they do yield us, if innutritious, are at least tolerably innocuous.

LA BELLE HELENE REDIVIVA.

ENCOURAGED by the success which smiled upon his reproduction of *La Grande Duchesse*, Mr. Bateman has made bold to repeat *La Belle Hélène* in what the play-bills assure us is in a style of unprecedented splendor. And in this, too, it would seem as though the luckiest of impresarios had again hit the public taste as aptly as in every former effort. The opening night filled Pike's charming opera house with an audience as brilliant, as fashionable, as select, and as enthusiastic as the most fastidious Jenkins could desire, and the reception accorded to the old favorites was almost stormy in its cordiality. Prince Paul—we would say M. Le Duc, in particular, received a perfect ovation, and was kept bowing over the foot-lights like

a China mandarin during round after round of applause. The opera is reproduced with new costumes, new scenery, and a partially new cast. Of the two former it is needless to say anything in praise—Mr. Bateman's reputation is sufficient guaranty for their excellence; with regard to the latter we are disposed to be a little more captious. The chief changes are in the rôles of Paris, the two Ajaxes, Orestes, and *le bouillant* Achille, a comparatively unimportant part, which M. Valter's art reared into comical prominence, but in which M. Daron only proves anew that, with the best disposition in the world, he is very far from filling his predecessor's sandals. M. Decré justifies the faint praise we ventured to give him for his part in the never-to-be-forgotten performance of *Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Grande Duchesse*, by MM. Alhaiza and Calabresi's unrivalled New Orleans troupe; his conception of Paris is excellent, and his acting is spirited and intelligent. His voice is not quite equal to the music of the part, though the charming duet with Hélène, *Ce n'est qu'un rêve*, was very cleverly sung; but one is willing to forget that deficiency in consideration of a modesty and earnestness to please as rare in first tenors as they are delightful. M. Guidon succeeds with Ajax the Less scarcely so well as with Népomuc; indeed, Mr. Bateman will find it difficult, we fancy, adequately to replace the gentleman who formerly filled it as though he had been fairly poured into the part. Mlle. Lambéle, as Orestes, actually seemed to have received that shock of electricity about whose possible effect we speculated in a former notice of *Barbe-Blue*. Her acting evinced a spasmodic something almost approaching to vivacity; her singing was as good as could be expected, and she looked altogether pretty enough to be readily excusable for doing even much worse in either than she does. Of all the changes, however, the only one that can be called a positive improvement is the substitution of M. Houdin in the rôle of Ajax the Greater, which he filled with an exuberance of drollery and facial comicality that leads us to anticipate much from him in future. Unless we are greatly mistaken, he only needs a more grateful part to show himself a comic tenor of no common ability. Of the rest of the performance it is unnecessary to speak, further than to say that Mlle. Tostée, M. Duchesne, M. Le Duc, and M. Lagriffoul have lost nothing of the excellence which formerly charmed us, and to recommend to the lady who fills the part, but not the clothes, of Bacchis that she should at least partially dress herself before coming on the stage. The chorus might be better in point of singing; in point of looks it could not very well be worse. With this exception, *La Belle Hélène* will bear comparison with the only and the severest standard to which we can compare it—its former self; and seems destined to secure a popularity most aggravating to the seekers after novelty. But are we ever again to see Irma?

MY RELIGION.

BY A MODERN MINISTER.

XII.

THE TRUE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

"I AM the Vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for separate from Me ye can do nothing."—Jesus.

THE material creations of GOD are only inferior examples of that finer spiritual life and organism in which the creature is raised up to partake of the Divine nature. GOD's earthly creations, when seen with the eyes of the spirit opened, are seen to be but "patterns of things in the heavens." Natural science only begins to be appreciated in its true worth when it is studied in this supra-natural light; when through it the soul ascends from nature up to nature's GOD, and learns the better to know and worship Him, that it may the more speedily become like Him. It is the thought of GOD as manifested in the stone, the plant, or the animal which attracts, interests, develops the thought of the human mind in the study of creation.

Earthly existences will not endure. They are but temporary. They perish with the using. They are, however, in a certain sense "types" of enduring realities, "patterns of things in the heavens," "figures of the true." This was the thought in the mind of Jesus when He said "I am the true Vine,"—the earthly vine is but a type of Me, a divine revelation of what I am to them, or may be, if they will. And this type He immediately proceeds to explain: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for separate from Me ye can do nothing."

The "fruit" here spoken of, which is borne in the life of those who are "in Christ," includes all of those

holy and blessed dispositions and actions which are the result of this union. Some of these are enumerated by Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians, where they are designated as "the fruit of the Spirit;" for the Spirit is the Spirit of the Son proceeding forth from His glorified humanity. The fruits enumerated are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," etc. These and all other similar conceivable dispositions, habits, and actions are the holy and happy consequences of the believer's union with Christ, exemplified by the vine and the branches. We cannot too often repeat to ourselves the fact that Christ Jesus is made of GOD unto us who believe in Him, not only "wisdom and righteousness," that we may know our needs and our deliverance from penalty, but all "sanctification and redemption," that we may be holy and happy for ever.

We cannot too often recall the assurance that no mere motives can suffice to make us holy; no mere habits be strong enough to overcome temptation; no mere personal disposition strong enough to will and do continually what is right. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." GOD is the only source of good; He must work in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure, or we can never work out unto completion the salvation begun within us when first we trust in Jesus. And this he does only through Jesus Christ. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Of that fulness we must receive. Of that fulness, so far as we are holy, we do receive day by day one measure thereof as a substitute for the smaller measure we had before, being graciously imparted according to our need. It is the manner of the impartation and reception of this divine life which is illustrated by the vine and the branches. "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." "Apart from Me ye can do nothing." "The circulating sap, which is the life of the tree, is indeed in the vine branch so long as it holds on the stem; but in no sense whatever is it from the vine branch. Cut off the branch from the stem, and it ceases instantaneously to live, for it has no independent existence. Even so the fruits of the Spirit, while our hearts are the sphere of their manifestation, are in no sense from our hearts. They are not the result of the energizing of our own will. They are not a righteousness of our own, built up by a series of endeavors, or a laborious process of self-discipline, but a righteousness outflowing continually from the fulness of grace which is in Christ.

"The great secret of bringing forth much fruit, or, in other words, of all advance in grace and holiness, is, according to the profound teaching of our Lord Himself, a constant keeping open (and if possible enlarging) the avenues of the soul toward Him. If a vine branch is to sprout and throw out new suckers and shoots, it must adhere tightly to the stem, and the tubes by which it communicates therewith must be well open for the ingress of the sap. If you desire to see the dead heart put forth the energies of spiritual life, throw wide open the passage of communication between Christ and it; and allow the life which is in Him to circulate freely through it!" But how can these things be? On the answer to this question turns the whole of our sanctification, the whole of our salvation. And our Saviour has answered it for us: "Abide in Me, and I in you!" Here are two things. We must abide in Christ; He must abide in us. So shall we bear much fruit.

We abide in Him by faith. Faith is belief of a divine promise. Long before the utterance of this allegory GOD had promised to "dwell with him that is or a humble and a contrite spirit." And in the preceding part of this same discourse Jesus had said: "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him." Now, faith in these and other similar promises makes their fulfilment sure, since GOD is everywhere present, and with Him wills are deeds; dependence upon Him for the fulfilment of these promises is "coming to Him" for that purpose. It is putting ourselves into connection with Him, so that He may be and do to us what He has promised. If He were a man merely, we should have to travel until we found Him, and then, mayhaps, to touch Him with our hands, as did the woman who was healed by touching the fringe of His garment. But since He is GOD as well as man, the simple act of the soul which we call "faith" thus puts us into contact with Him. By faith we put ourselves into such connection with Him that His righteousness and His holiness avail for our benefit. By faith we are, so to speak, inserted into Him as are the branches in the vine stock; and so "abide in Him" by faith. "The faith which enables

the soul to abide in Christ is nothing else than an assured trust and confidence on our part, that, as He has already wrought out for us our acceptance with GOD, so He will work in us every gracious disposition necessary to qualify us for glory. It is not enough to supplicate these graces; we must lean upon Him for them, and fix the eye of expectation upon the promise of His new covenant, being well assured that He will fulfil to us the terms thereof. "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." The strivings and endeavors of Christians to work themselves up to greater degrees of holiness are simply consequences and evidences of unbelief. "What if the poor bird imprisoned in the cage should be thinking that if ever it gain its liberty it must be by its own exertions, and by vigorous and frequent strokes of its wings against the bars! If it did so it would, ere long, fall back breathless and exhausted, faint and sore and despairing. And the soul will have a similar experience which thinks that Christ has indeed won pardon and acceptance for her, but that sanctification she must win for herself; and under this delusion beats herself sore in vain efforts to correct the propensities of a heart which the Word of GOD pronounces to be 'desperately wicked.'" That heart we ourselves can do nothing with. We must yield it to Jesus, and He will come in and dwell there as the source of its holy, happy life for evermore.

This is the second thing He suggests: "I in you." "In order to the fruitfulness of the vine branch two conditions have to be fulfilled. The first is, that the branch shall adhere closely to the stem, and offer open tubes for the passage of the sap; this is the abiding of the branch in the vine. The second is, that the sap shall arise ever and anon from the vine stock, and pass into the branch; this is the abiding of the vine in the branch. Similarly, the first condition of a Christian's fruitfulness is that he adheres by a close trust to Christ, and keeps open toward Him the avenues of faith, hope, and expectation. This is 'Abide in Me.' The second is, that Christ shall continually send up into his heart a current of holy inspirations, new loves, good impulses, devout hopes; or, more accurately, that He shall communicate Himself to the soul by the continual influx of the Holy Ghost. This is 'I in you.' We abide in Him by faith. He abides in us by His Holy Spirit. The Spirit of Christ pervading Him as the sap pervades the vine, pervades also the branches, so that they all have one life. He not only takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us, but communicates them unto us also. So we live the lives which we live in the flesh by the faith of the Son of GOD. So we live spiritual lives, acceptable to GOD, through Jesus Christ. So far as we do thus abide in Him by faith does He abide in us by His Holy Spirit, and so far do we walk in the Spirit, making no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lust thereof, but glorifying GOD in our bodies and in our spirits, which are His. So far do we will and do the things which please GOD, He working in us both to will and to do. So far are we enabled to obey the injunctions to be holy as He is holy, and to rejoice in the Lord evermore. He who thus partakes of the Divine nature, of course is so far holy and happy, as GOD is. And this may be the privilege of every believer. "According to thy faith be it unto thee." So far as we abide in Him by faith, so far does He abide in us by His Spirit, and so far are we holy as He is holy and happy as He is happy!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLACKS.

II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: In my last I endeavored to show that there are some insuperable obstacles, springing from natural, irremediable causes, in the way of any educational system that contemplates one set of free schools at the South. So long as the mutual relations of the two races stand as they do at present, educational amalgamation is practically an impossibility. What the next generation may develop in this regard cannot be predicted; suffice it, that the status of the present one must be recognized and accepted.

Before sketching the outlines of a system of schools that appears both reasonable and feasible, it may be well to glance at what has been accomplished during the three years that colored schools have been in operation. Some facts and figures relative to the schools in the capital of South Carolina may furnish fair data to go upon; for, viewing their prosperous career, it is presumable that they have accomplished about all that it is possible to accomplish under the present régime.

Colored schools were first opened in Columbia in November of 1865, under the superintendency of Dr. T. G. Wright, who was assisted, at first, by only three lady

teachers. Since that time some thirty or more teachers have been employed—the number engaged at any one time averaging about a dozen. Although the enterprise labored under the many disadvantages that always attend the introduction of novel schemes, the persevering energy of the teachers and their hearty good-will rapidly brought the school to a condition not anticipated by any but the most enthusiastic admirers of the system. During the autumn of 1867 a commodious building was finished for occupancy. This was, by the choice of the colored people—and very appropriately, too—named "Howard School," in compliment to the accomplished head of the Freedmen's Bureau. Dr. Wright having in the meantime resigned, Miss S. Augusta Haley—one of the three ladies who assisted in organizing the school—was appointed principal, and has since directed affairs with the aid of a corps of twelve competent teachers. To her entire devotion to the cause, her rare administrative abilities, and eminent qualifications as a teacher, is due, in great measure, the enviable position that the school has taken and maintained.

The Howard School has hitherto been supported by the New York Freedman's Union Commission; but its future, from several causes, is somewhat uncertain. The colored people themselves, despite their poverty-stricken condition, have begun to give material aid in the work. Last year they supported one colored teacher, and provided the school with a janitor, fuel, etc. The voluntary contributions of both teachers and pupils have provided the school—which was at first bare of everything but necessary furniture—with many maps, charts, and boards, as well as a small select library, and miscellaneous school appliances.

The courses of instruction in the school have been three: the primary, intermediate, and grammar—with one set of text-books—the "National" series. An impartial and thorough system of grading has been adopted from the first in the case of every pupil. It has always been Miss Haley's aim—and in this she has been ably and heartily seconded by most of her associates—to lay a good, substantial foundation for an entirely practical English education, avoiding those superfluities so disastrously common in many institutions. However much one may differ with her regarding the negro's capacity for receiving instruction, he must concede that she has hit the mark in assuming that what the colored people most need now is an education that will be practically subservient to the interests of their every-day life—such a life as the present generation, at least, must lead. They must not be encouraged in "wandering among the stars in search of other worlds, without knowing the most simple points of their own."

The highest number of pupils registered for any one month was 679, with an average attendance of 82 per cent. Miss Haley reports that "the majority of these pupils possess ordinary abilities, capable of improvement in various degrees, of course; some being more marked in this respect than others, while a few may be considered as 'prodigies.'" One of these latter is now, through the liberality of David Clark, Esq., of Hartford, Conn., pursuing a course of study in a Northern institution preparatory to entering college; and he is said to be "in every respect the first of his class in point of intellect."

The result of such an excellent system is apparent to the most casual observer. It has extorted from those most bitterly opposed to any education of the negro unmistakable signs of complaisance, and even approval. Most significant fact of all, the local press has but very rarely—and only in the beginning—dared or cared to abuse the schools, or to cast a slur upon those engaged in the work, who, from their sex, circumstances, and the nature of their mission, were peculiarly exposed to animadversions of the most objectionable nature. In fine, enemies of the system have been fairly overcome by the undeniable evidences of its advantage, and, though guardedly, unite with its friends in praise of the efforts of the teachers, and in congratulating the latter upon their signal success.

The actual amount of education imbibed by the colored people of Columbia is commensurate with the excellence of the means adopted for instilling it. Hundreds of both sexes—adults as well as children—to whom a book was "all Greek," and a pen as incomprehensible a machine as a telegraphing apparatus, now read for the pleasure of reading, and would feel hurt by any allusion to "his X mark." They cipher well enough to make change in the marketplace with little chance of being cheated; know that yonder range of hills is not the end of the world in that direction, and that history is the record of what people did ever so many years ago. Altogether, it is very encouraging.

Admirably as the system has worked, all things considered, and decided as has been the resulting good, there are disadvantages and shortcomings in it, a survey of which may give us a hint as to the remedy, and suggest a better plan. As usual, the evils attending inadequate support have been encountered. At first, while enthusiasm ran high, contributions flowed in from all quarters, and the finances of the Commission were in a flourishing condition. It was a novel public toy, and it delighted a great many people. But enthusiasm rarely remains strung to concert pitch for any great length of time, particularly when it involves an appeal to the "centre of feeling"—the pocket. With every attention to economy in disbursements funds lowered so as to seriously embarrass operations, and threaten that, if continued at all, they must be on a greatly reduced scale. And from the first the teachers' compensa-

tion has been a mere pittance, barely sufficient for daily needs, and in no degree commensurate with the kind and amount of duty performed—a duty very disagreeable in some respects, and always involving hard work and self-denial. All this has been, moreover, in spite of material aid furnished, in a variety of ways, by the Bureau, which has lately, by a liberal interpretation of the law, undertaken partial support of the teachers.

As in most new things, want of unity of plan—of fixed, well-digested purpose—has been severely felt. I am now, of course, speaking of education in the South at large. Different parties, entertaining diverse ideas, and often conflicting designs, have of course impressed their own notions upon the work, in just the measure of their ability and authority. No comprehensive system, taking in the educational needs of the country at large, has been inaugurated. The teaching has been sporadic—here and there—and too much dependent upon individual zeal and effort. Spasmodic efforts never work well in the long run. An epidemic of education, founded upon a solid basis, and moulded upon one type, must break out before highly satisfactory results can be hoped for. As a corollary of want of unity of plan, want of harmonious action on the part of the many laborers in the field has been apparent. It is unnecessary to particularize here; the nature of the internal dissensions that must happen readily occur to one who knows how the teachers are brought together, and how they live together. The Howard school, doubtless, is not the only one that has felt the influence of strictly domestic "unpleasantness."

Another obstacle in the way of entire success is found in the restriction of the control that the teachers can exercise over their pupils. I don't refer to any lack of salutary discipline in school; for the good order that is preserved is a matter of public comment, and offenders can be punished, and incorrigible ones dismissed. But, practically, the control that can be exercised is just as much as the pupils themselves, in the cases of adults, or their guardians, in the case of children, are willing to allow. They have all the liberty regarding attendance that they choose to retain. Advice and encouragement are the teachers' only weapons. Attendance should be made compulsory. Though the old distich about a man's being able to drive an ox to a spring without being able to make the animal drink is very true; and even though, similarly, children driven to school cannot always be made to learn; still something may be gained by this forced partial obedience.

Another point strikes me as well worthy of serious attention. There is usually a good deal of what may be termed "reconstructionary dissipation" in the operations of the associations and commissions that revolve around the darky as a pivot. The very worthy people who make up Christian and Sanitary and Freedman's and other organizations are just the sort of persons who continually forget the idea of *ne quid nimis*, and are apt to stand unnecessarily arrayed against others equally well inclined, if less enthusiastic, who sometimes take more sensible and practical steps in the same praiseworthy direction in which the former rather fantastically tread. Of course, neither the Freedmen's Bureau nor any one of its numerous offshoots and dependencies is open to the absurd accusation of "nigger-worship;" but still many persons cannot divest themselves of the lingering suspicion that, to many other persons' way of thinking, "a white man is as good as a nigger—if he will only behave himself." To reverse the usual proposition, it might be said that mercy should be tempered with justice—and with firmness, too—in all our relations with the "Man and brother." It would be a cruel kindness to the colored man to allow any pity we may feel for his former degraded and abject condition to lead us into mistaken leniency. Rather, if we cannot attain the golden mean in this matter, let us lean the other way, and take advantage of those traits that generations of servitude have engendered to make the negro do what our better judgement dictates to us as best for him on the whole. Beside its social and political aspects, the reconstructionary dissipation has its religious phase—perhaps more undesirable than either. There are plenty of zealots who honestly think that the salvation of the colored man's soul should be their prime endeavor. This is, of course, all wrong; and I say—I trust with due reverence—that the colored soul may safely be trusted in the hands of its Maker, at least until the colored stomach is filled and the colored back clothed. I would not even advocate the amelioration of the intellectual condition of the race before such an eminently practical and devoutly-to-be-desired consummation as this, were it not evident that education is the most direct and powerful means to this very end. We can afford to dispense with the services of those individuals who, whether as playing a part in an educational system or not, are sent out for the "conversion" of the race, and divert their salaries into decidedly more advantageous channels. And we can do at present without any more "houses of the Lord," if they must be built by contributions screwed out of colored congregations in a state of religious travail superinduced by inflammatory appeals—particularly as the pittance thus brought forth just about pay the expenses of the theologian who conducts the cause of labor.

If so much has already been accomplished in spite of the magnitude of the task, and the obstacles in the way of success, everything may be hoped for by the operation of adequate measures. Though such must necessarily be on a very extensive scale, they do not, on this account, appear

the less feasible. The outline of a complete system of education may be embraced under a few heads:

I. The government having made a radical change in the negro's status, thrust new relations and responsibilities upon him, and taken away the means of living to which he has for generations been accustomed, is bound to take care of him until he is able to take care of himself. Education, being one of several important means to the desired end, should be taken hold of by the government, and not left to the insufficient and uncertain operation of individual or corporate enterprise. A national system of schools should be inaugurated, under government control and support. The schools should, of course, be free to all colored persons, and the expenses met by appropriations by Congress. Such appropriations should cover the cost of buildings, books, and school appliances, as well as the employ of a competent corps of teachers.

If it be objected—as it may be, with some force—that our form of government contemplates no such interference with the right of the several states to legislate for themselves in these matters, nor such assumption of expenses that it should be the duty of individual states to bear, it may be replied, with perhaps greater force, that the special emergency of the case justifies, if it does not actually require, such a course. It is a particular case, for or against which the history of our country furnishes no precedent, and for which no constitutional provision has been made. The line of separation between national authority and state rights is a wavering one; the war was caused by conflicting views regarding its determination, and it is presumable that it will always remain open to discussion. So long as this line is not drawn to a nicety, with perfect understanding on both sides, the virtual assumption that it is wavering is justifiable. The government has made laws for unwilling states in too many instances to need stick at this particular point. The Southern States would, in all probability, be quite willing to surrender the control of an educational system for the colored population, if by so doing they would be relieved of the pecuniary burden. Moreover, it is no more than just that the government should support an institution that it has, by its own acts, rendered necessary for the public good. Other governments retain control of education at large with the happiest results, particularly as regards the universal dissemination of learning of a certain grade. Why not ours as well?

II. Such a school system should operate exclusively upon the colored people, who will never be educated unless we educate them. Let the whites at the South educate themselves, or go without education. Social and political considerations, beside the all-important ethnological ones that I endeavored to present in a previous letter, necessitate the separation of white from colored schools. The attempt to coalesce them involves an absurdity, and must therefore result in complete failure. It is sincerely to be hoped that we shall hear no more of such a "mad piece of folly"—as *The Round Table* has justly termed it—as the recent attempt to foist educational amalgamation upon the Louisiana legislature.

III. Attendance at school should be made compulsory, by legislative enactment, upon all colored persons between certain ages. However repugnant this may appear to the principles of republicanism, there is scarcely room for doubt that, for the present at least, and until the negro's footing is radically changed, it is a measure of vital importance. Laziness, stupidity, inappreciation of benefit to be received, and other things, conspire to foil our best endeavors, and can only be counteracted by stringent regulations providing for the adequate punishment of delinquents.

IV. The method and the means of instruction must obviously be adapted to the mental peculiarities of the race. From what we have already seen of these, it follows that our main reliance must be placed in some system that insures a thorough drilling. Classes must be drilled at their lessons like squads of soldiers with their muskets. They may learn their lessons by rote, and repeat them parrotwise, perhaps; but if the process is repeated often enough, that dangerous thing, "a little learning," will probably be acquired. It is not meant to be inferred that reiteration of lessons is not a very wholesome thing for all scholars, but the necessity for more of it in the case of colored children is demonstrated. The younger a child, black or white, the more it needs objective illustration of the thing to be taught; the more feeble its reasoning powers, the more it requires the aid of the senses in attempting to comprehend new ideas. The negro remains always more or less childlike, comparatively speaking; his excellent observing, and poor ratiocinative faculties, give us the clue to the means by which his mental powers may be best drilled. The necessity of object-culture cannot be too strongly insisted upon.

V. A single, uniform, and well-digested system should be adopted in the matter of things to be taught. This system should have regard, first, to the extent to which it is possible to educate the negro, or advisable, all things considered, that he should be educated. There is more danger of attempting to teach him too much than too little. We must remember that his susceptibility to mental polish—his capacity for receiving ideas—his "latent heat" of intellect—is less than the white man's; and frame his course of study accordingly. The idea of attempting to make a race of negro scholars or professional men is simply ridiculous. Secondly, as a logical sequence of the above, the system should afford the negro what he needs most for a negro's walk in life. Let everything be of some practical use to him. Give him the three Rs—

reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic; some history and geography; and some idea of the nature of the government he is to live under; and he will have received about as much as he can appropriate to his own use. Upon some such foundation those favored individuals of the race who must and will learn more will have little difficulty in further progress. One feature of the system might be borrowed from our own normal schools; having as its object the training of a certain number of the more intelligent colored persons to become in time the instructors of their own race. It is not probable that the time has yet come for any attempt to introduce schools corresponding, in however humble a way, to our polytechnic institutions; though schools for instruction in the useful arts would prove eminently advantageous. Finally, in whatever way we go about the task of improving the negro's intellectual condition, let "religious dissipation," in its educational guise, be carefully guarded against. When the colored man is so well educated that he can get along comfortably six days in the week in honest working attire, will be the time to give him Sunday clothes.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

ELLIOTT COUES.

COLUMBIA, S. C., October 20, 1868.

CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: With your permission I will offer some comments upon recent articles and reviews in *The Round Table* touching the important subjects of constitutional interpretations and sovereignty.

To interpret a constitution or other body of laws is to make plain the meaning which may have been left in doubt by some obscurity or some want of fitting connection in the wording of the instrument—the wording, that is, upon the face of the instrument itself, not that which may be found in any "contemporaneous exposition" by its framers. The claim indicated here is so well founded that the simple entry of it we think is sufficient to secure its allowance.

Then, what precisely is the essence of that which has been passed, through the Constitution, into the possession of "the United States"? What is the nature of the government which has been created by means of this essence? What must have been the nature of each of the original state governments, in order that these could impart the essence; and what has been the effect of the imparting upon the states themselves?

The Constitution employs the words *power* and *powers* often, but the word *sovereignty* not at all. So that, confining ourselves strictly to the language supplied us, we have no warrant for asserting that any sovereignty is vested in the states united. Nevertheless, since it is convenient to have a term by means of which can be expressed generally what could not be so well expressed in detail; since the article *sovereignty*, by common consent, is made up of "powers"; and since the powers which the states in union have are none other than those which the same states, before the Union was formed, had to bestow; the habit has been to account the thing delegated as, in the strict sense, a part of the thing which constituted the original authority to delegate. In the habit has there been any violation of the Constitution, interpreting this in the light of its language at the period of its formation not only, but in whatever new light may have been shed through proper development of its words since?

The authority of each of the original states was as nearly complete as is now that of either France, Spain, or Russia—that is, each had an indisputable right to treat, upon terms of entire equality, with either of those nations; that is, again, each was "sovereign," just as France, Spain, and Russia are "sovereign." This word we have put within quotation marks, because no civilized nation in the world is *sovereign* (supreme) in the sense that it may, without question, disregard recognized international law. But the condition of every one is such that usage renders correct the application of that adjective in its case; and such was the condition of the separate states which, in 1788, banded themselves together. It was the fact of their being sovereign—the fact that they possessed sovereign powers—which constituted their right to treat with each other, preparatory to banding. It follows, in answer to the first clause of the last question put a few passages back, that the nature of the original state government was that of sovereignty.

Was that sovereignty divided—was any portion of it given out—in delegating the "powers" which were delegated to the government of the Union? Let us find whether it was or was not.

In state sovereignty was contained, as an indispensable component part, the authority to form alliances; and after the alliance which the Constitution points out was entered into, this authority was no longer contained, as the instrument itself declares, in words the meaning of which cannot be construed into any different meaning. Verily, logic is twisted into the most distorted sophistry in the attempt to prove that the taking away of the part leaves the whole intact.

Hence the reply to the second clause of our third interrogatory is that the effect of a state's delegation of its "powers" to the government of the United States was to lessen its original sovereignty; hence the Constitution is the medium through which the lessening was produced—that is, through which the essence of sovereignty was transferred from the individual states; and hence the general

government is clothed now with just the amount of sovereignty which was transferred, and which constitutes it the treaty-making power. This cannot but be so, from the very nature of the case. Beside, the Constitution affirms, in unmistakable language, the substance of the fact. It does so in numerous clauses, but more especially in the clause which says that "the United States shall guaranty to every state in the Union a republican form of government." A most singular doctrine this is, that a mere agent, having only a power of attorney, which may be modified to-day and withdrawn wholly to-morrow, can dictate as to the very mode of existence of the sovereign that employs it.

Let us examine the matter in hand from another standing point. Each state was sovereign prior to union. Whence came the sovereignty? There was a time when the state itself was not in being—when, for example, Ohio lay unborn "at home" in the matrix of the mother of states, Virginia. Where was then the something which alone, possessed now, entitles Ohio to the appellation of a state? If it was in the people, "the elements of a nation" owned by them as property, then they too were at home not in Ohio, but with their mother Virginia, many of them not yet begotten, even by their fathers in the flesh; in which view, Ohio's present sovereignty came by derivation, by division, by sending away from home, by "sovereignty's making an exception out of sovereignty, and thereby forming a sovereignty." This last proposition opens to a double conclusion; for one act of formation was that of the Virginia people who settled in the territory, the other was that of the "United States," which, through congressional legislation, and through executive approval, put upon the territory its robe of (a) state.

Surely it is so plain that the creative governments, whether their work be the gestation of a single state or of a union of states, must convey to the government created, out of their own treasures, just those qualities which shall make it a governing power, like themselves, that any unlettered migratory Yankee squatting, with his all of sovereignty vested in the edge of his jack-knife, amidst the woods of some embryo state lying along the yet unbuilt line of the Pacific Railroad, ought to be able to read while he squats.

Your obedient servant,

A VETERAN OBSERVER.

NOVEMBER 5, 1868.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

ALCOTT'S TABLETS.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE publication of *The Tablets* gives opportunity to every one to verify the estimate we have placed upon Alcott's genius in the foregoing. Hitherto the *Orphic Sayings*, only one hundred in number, printed in *The Dial* and not easy of access now, furnished the scanty material on which to base judgement.

The author warns us at the outset, in the language of Thomas Fuller, to expect "no curious method, essays for the most part not being placed as at a feast, but placing themselves as at an ordinary."

We purpose to accompany the reader through the book, stopping here and there to note a special beauty or to comment upon a seeming obscurity in the mode of expression, and we shall be well satisfied if our services awaken in the candid mind a desire to study more diligently this book or the class of books to which it belongs. For we have no doubt that it will take its rank among the rarest, by reason of the subtle art it has of assembling images and flashing through them a kind of "dry light," which seems to illumine the near and far-off alike. It is a kind of morning redness which belongs to the writings of the old mystics, and lights up the soul of the reader with its kind and ruddy glow.

The table of contents shows a division into practical and speculative—Book the First treating of seven subjects: *The Garden, Recreation, Fellowship, Friendship, Culture, Books, Counsels*; Book the Second treating of four subjects: *Instrumentalities, Mind, Genesis, Metamorphoses*. Each subject contains several subdivisions, treating separately the topics which fall within its special province.

The Garden, placed at the entrance of the book, suggests intentionally the paradisaical one which is both the past and future goal of humanity. As we enter it an atmosphere of idyllic simplicity seems to pervade all, and it warns us of the immense distance we have suddenly been transported from the noisy din of a life in the iron-mills of productive industry. It seems a book written for infinite leisure. Wealth and luxury have arrived, and there is no more any hurrying from the boarding place to the workshop or the counting-room in the strife to earn one's daily bread. We have a competence, and now we wish to live rationally and humanly; which means, if you will, æsthetically and poetically. The boarding-house and

hotel gives place, therefore, to the home, and its symbol, the Garden, has opened its gates for our admittance.

The curse of Eden—"By the sweat of thy brow," etc.—has long since been forgotten. The poet's world is far removed from Wall Street, nor is it to be found anywhere in the District of Columbia. It is on the isle described by Henriot de Borderie:

"There is an Isle
Full, as they say, of good things—fruit and trees.
And pleasant verdure; a very masterpiece
Of Nature's; where the men immortally
Live, following all delights and pleasures. There
Is not, nor ever hath been, Winter's cold
Or Summer's heat; the season still the same,
One gracious Spring, where all, e'en those worst used
By fortune, are content."

We stroll about with our genial host and listen to the talk about the famous gardens—Eden, Hesperides, those of Alcinoos "whereof Homer sings," Solomon's garden, the orchard of Academus—and we find him a perfect storehouse of apt and curious learning respecting the trees, plants, herbs, and fruits that grow with us. Full of quaint and rare quotations, his periods are rounded with consummate grace:

"Gardens and orchards plant themselves by sympathy about our dwellings, as if their seeds were preserved in us by inheritance. They distinguish Man properly from the forester and hunter. The country, as discriminated from the woods, is of man's creation. The savage has no country. Nor are farms and shops, trade, cities, but civilization in passing and formation. Civilization begins with persons, ideas; the garden and orchard showing the place of their occupants in the scale; these dotting the earth with symbols of civility wherever they ornament its face. Thus by mingling his mind with nature, and so transforming the landscape into his essence, Man generates the homestead, and opens a country to civilization and the arts."

His remarks on ornaments in the garden will recall to mind what the visitor has seen at Concord:

"Arbors are especially ornamental. No country residence is furnished without the embellishment of a summer-house. It may be constructed of the simplest stuff grown near at hand in the woods. For one shall not range far in that direction without falling soon upon every curve in the geometry of beauty, as if nature designing to surprise him anticipated his coming, and had grown his materials in the underwood, along the lines especially of ancient fence rows, where young pines bent by the lopping of the axe, snow-falls, or other accident, in seeking to recover their rectitude describe every graceful form of curve or spiral suited to his rustic works. These may be combined in ways wonderfully varied; and the pleasure attending the working them into a shapely whole has charms akin to the composing of poems and pictures. There is a delight, too, in surprising these stages of the woods in their coverts, of which only artists can speak."

Like Thoreau, we find our master-gardener no mere sentimentalist, but one whose life-blood pulsates with spiritual sympathy for the vegetable life he nurtures:

"All living things," says the Bhagavad Gita, "are generated from the bread they eat; bread is generated from rain, rain from divine worship, and divine worship from good works." A creed dealing thus supersensibly with the elements must have fertilizing properties, and bring the gardener to his task little tinged by noxious notions of any kind. If he fall short of being the reverent naturalist, the devout divine, surrounded thus by shapes of skill, types of beauty, tokens of design, every hue in the chromatic, every device in the symbolic gamut, I see not what shall make him these; nor why Newton, Goethe, Boehme, should have published their discoveries for his benefit; why it should occur to him to use his eyes at all when he looks through this glass, regards these signatures, views these blooms, these clasping tendrils, laughing leaves, Tyrian draperies, the sympathies of his plants and trees with the weather, their sleep, their thirst for the mists, and worship of the East; as if

Moistures their mothers were,
Their fathers flames,
and earth were virtually 'wife of heaven,' as Homer says."

Thus his pleasures are of a total, satisfying quality:

"The golden days running fast and full have not run to waste. Orchards and gardens bloom again. He harvests the richer crop these have ripened; bright effluences of the stars, for the feast of thought and the flow of discourse. 'Having thus gathered the first roses of spring and the last apples of autumn,' he is ready to dispute felicity with the happiest man living, and to chant his psalm of praise for his prosperity;

"The earth is mine and mine the sheaves,
I'll harvest all her bounty leaves;
Nor stinted store she deals to me,
Gives all she has, and gives it free,
Since from myself I cannot stir
But I become her pensioner:
Sun, cloud, flame, atom, ether, sea,
Beauteous she buildeth into me,
Seasons my frame with flowing sense,
Insinuates intelligence;

Surprising tasks and leisure sends,
And crowns herself to give me friends:
The morn's elixir pours for me,
And brims my brain with ecstasy.

"Earth all is mine and mine the sheaves,
I harvest all her Planter leaves."

The aroma of nature is all preserved in his subtle verse. It is hard to understand how any one can live in any town in New England and keep out of his prose or verse any allusion to the great revolution there going on year by year, which will result in making the entire population a manufacturing people. The influx of foreigners, and especially of Canadian French, into the "factory villages," destroys gradually but irresistibly the old type of New England civilization. The small farmers are on the decrease, manufacturing corporations swallowing up and centralizing the ownership of the landed property. The foreigner is found more easily managed and cheaper

* *Tablets*. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.

than the native born, and hence the former is employed in the mills, while the latter leaves his birth-place for the distant West, and mingles his individuality with the motley through he finds there. We have no better evidence afforded us of the decay and removal of old New England than the fact that its spirit has become a theme for art. Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the rest find themselves far removed enough from it to distinguish it clearly in outline—to idealize and portray it. In the book before us it is the complete and persistent ignoring of the decline in home productions, and the increase of imported agricultural staples, that gives the book such an antique air. One almost asks himself aloud the question, Is this book written to rebuke the high-seasoned literature of the day? Does our author stop to treat of sweet fennel, caraway, and dill, of mint, coriander, tanzey, summer savory, thyme, balm, and myrrh, with any intention of implying that these are of any importance when brought into comparison with the last despatch by the cable, or the new novel by Mühlbach, or —? No; it is clear that he is playing the humorist when he occupies fifty-six pages in talking about the garden—telling us, for instance, that

"Spinach, asparagus, and celery have been held in high repute among the eastern nations, as with us. And the parable of the mustard-seed shows that plant was known in Christ's time. The Greeks are said to have esteemed radishes so highly that, in offering oblations to Apollo, they presented them in beaten gold. And the Emperor Tiberius held parsnips in such high repute that he had them brought annually from the Rhine for his table. The beet is still prized, but the carrot has lost the reputation it had in Queen Elizabeth's time, the leaves being used in the head-dresses of the ladies of her court, from whence the epithet applied to the hair is derived."

But we are immediately charmed away from these things by a discourse on *Rations*, wherein much is made of Pythagoras and the "Orphic life." Just as we are beginning to think our host one of the modern reformer species, we are suddenly made aware of the correspondence between the chaste fruits of the garden and the lofty idealism of our poet by the description he gives us of the manner in which he collects his

"SEER'S RATIONS.

"Takes sunbeams, spring waters,
Earth's juices, meads' creams,
Bathes in floods of sweet ethers,
Came baptized from the streams;
Guest of Him, the sweet-lipp'd,
The Dreamer's quaint dreams.

"Mingles morals idyllic
With Samian fable,
Sage seasoned from cruetts,
Of Plutarch's chaste table.

"Pledges Zeus, Zoroaster,
Tastes Cana's glad cheer,
Suns, globes, on his trencher,
The elements there.

"Bowls of sunrise for breakfast
Brimful of the East,
Foaming flagons of frolic
His evening's gay feast.

"Sov'reign solids of nature,
Solar seeds of the sphere,
Olympian viand
Surprising as rare.

"Thus baiting his genius,
His wonderful word
Brings poets and sibyls
To sup at his board.

"Feeds thus and thus fares he,
Speeds thus and thus cares he,
Thus faces and graces
Life's long euthanasies.

"His gifts unabated,
Transfigured, translated—
The idealist prudent,
Saint, poet, priest, student,
Philosopher, he."

Thus, with many a wise insight into the conduct of life, we are conducted through the garden, and we leave its gates in just the mood to ask the question: "What is all this worth?" Not what is this book worth; but, What is our steam-pressure or our telegraphic communication worth? Is the net result of our lives any greater? Do we do more than provide for bodies food, clothing, and shelter, and did not our fathers do this sufficiently before us? If we add that culture of the rational soul is the chief object of living, must it not be confessed that our inordinate strife for the satisfaction of the body's wants places in jeopardy our chief object?

If, as Thoreau tells us, the bodily wants, when reduced to the lowest terms, may be gratified at something less than thirty dollars a year, what is it that we gain by wasting our surplus energies on the body? Are we really doing a thing of so much more importance that it warrants us to throw aside the book of Thoreau or Alcott with a business air, and flatter ourselves that we are above such idling? Our pride becomes us about as well as it becomes the successful swine who gets more acorns than his neighbors by energetically thrusting himself forward.

Reflections like these are in Mr. Alcott's mind when, after quoting a few pictures from the poets, he closes the subject of *The Garden*:

"Do we ask, on viewing the rural pictures which the pastoral Poets afford us, Whither is our modern civilization tending? What solid profits has it gained on the state of things they describe, seeing the primitive virtues and customs, once enjoyed by our ancestors, are fading—the generosity, the cheer, the patriotism, the piety, the republican simplicity and heartiness of those times? Machinery is fast displacing the poetry of farm and fireside; the sickle, the distaff, the chimney-piece, the family institution, being superseded by prose powers; and with their ways have come slavery, pusillanimity, dishonor. I know there are reconciling compensations for all risks of revolution. For while the Demos thus takes his inch, Divinity secures his ell; so the garment of mankind comes the fuller from the loom in this transfer of labors. The fig-leaf thus cunningly woven costs fair honors, nevertheless, and we covet in our hearts the florid simplicity of times of sturdier virtues and unassailable integrity."

The apparent one-sidedness of these reflections we shall find corrected when we come to the speculative portion of the book. For the present we leave *The Garden* and pass on through the chapters on *Recreation*, whose psychological effect is vividly portrayed in the little poem:

"As from himself he fled,
Possessed, insane,
Tormenting demons drove him from the gate:
Away he sped,
Casting his woes behind,
His joys to find,
His better mind.

"'T is passing strange,
The glorious change,
The pleasing pain!

"Recovered,
Himself again
Over his threshold led;

"Peace fills his breast,
He finds his rest;
Expecting angels his arrival wait."

Fellowship, treating of the topics of hospitality and conversation, is followed by *Friendship*, which traces its mystic meaning to the pursuit of the All-Beautiful—portrayed happily in the poem headed *The Chase*. What can be more orphic than the poem on

"THE GOBLET.

"I drank delights from every cup,
Arts, institutions, I drank up;
A thirst, I quaffed life's flowing bowls,
And sipped the flavors of all souls.

"A sparkling cup remained for me,
The brimming fount of Family;
This I am still drinking,
Since to my thinking,
Good wine beads here,
Flagons of cheer,
Nor laps the soul
In Lethe's bowl.

"Wine of immortal power
Into my chalice now doth pour;
Prevailing wine,
Juice of the Nine,
Flavored of sods,
Vintage of gods;

Joyance benign
This wondrous wine
Ever at call;
Wine maddening none,
Wine saddening none,
Wine gladdening all,
Makes love's cup ruddier glow,
Genius and grace its overflow.

"I drained the drops of every cup,
Times, institutions, I drank up;
Still Beauty pours the enlivening wine,
Fills high her glass to me and mine;
Her cup of sparkling youth,
Of love first found, and loyal truth:
I know, again I know,
Her fill of life and overflow."

The chapter on *Culture* brings us to the discussion of teaching and the Socratic dialectic. Pythagoras is presented as the model teacher, and his discipline fully described.

The uses and abuses of *Books* are shown in a few paragraphs, among the pithiest in the book:

"One cannot be well read unless well seasoned in thought and experience. Life makes the man. And he must have lived in all his gifts and become acclimated herein to profit by his readings. Living at the breadth of Shakespeare, the depth of Plato, the height of Christ, gives the mastery, or if not that, a worthy discipleship. Life alone divines life. We read as we live; the book being for us the deeper or the shallower as we are."

Works without ideas or imagination, but filled only with the barren products of uninspired brains, why read these when there is a fountain of fresh inspiration always accessible?

"Why nibbling always where
Ye nothing fresh can find
Upon those rocks?

"Lo! meadows green and fair!
Come pasture here your mind,
Ye bleating flocks."

With a chapter on *Counsels* Mr. Alcott closes the practical part of the book. The highest vocation of man is the formation of his own character:

"Not a circumstance, like the animal whose place in nature is determined, but a creator of circumstances, man brings to his help freedom,

opportunity, art, to build a world out of the world in harmony with his wants. If his occupation is spoiling him, 'tis the dictate of virtue as of prudence to quit it for one that in maintaining shall enrich him also. He must be a bad economist who squanders himself on his maintenance; wasting both his days and himself. His gifts are too costly for such cheap improvidence. One's character is the task allotted him to form, his faculties the implements, his genius the workman, life the engagement, and with these gifts of nature and of God shall he fail to quarry forth from his opportunities a man for his heavenly task-master?"

TWO RECENT NOVELS.*

THE era which believed in the propriety of settling disputed dogmas by an appeal to arms, and deluged the world with blood in order to silence the numberless heresies which sprang up with fresh vigor in one place as fast as they were trampled down in another, has fallen into the obscurity of the past, and we can no longer understand it, or really believe that men ever fought to the death in order to compel one another to go to Heaven by distasteful ways. We impute to them all sorts of political and ambitious motives and are unable to conceive that they could once in singleness of heart have butchered whole villages for the glory of God. The generations of keen disputants who succeeded those strong-armed servants of the Church are almost equally incomprehensible to the philosophic temper of the present day. We have no sympathy with that love of polemical dispute which urged the mighty pens of the old divines into such fierce battle; we no longer have their spirit, because we no longer have their faith in the vital truth of their creed; but are possessed by a gentle serenity which cannot argue while it vaguely doubts, and any theological discussions that occasionally arise appear to be anachronisms in the present day, and do not long occupy public attention. But preachers, whether from the desk or the pulpit, though their faith may be more definite than that of their audience, cannot be wholly uninfluenced by the temper of their time. It is of course natural that they should use the readiest means of touching the unregenerate heart, but it is humiliating alike to reason and Christianity that by the general tone of pious literature it should be assumed that the former is interested solely in secular affairs, and that religion is almost purely a matter of sentiment; of conscience, in a degree, but conscience made tender by sentiment and led by affection; not convinced by argument and rigid in belief.

To persuade rather than to convince would seem to be the aim of the writers and preachers of the day, who are treating their hearers like spoiled children whose opposition they fear to arouse, and who must be coaxed by careful degrees to hear what is good for them. It is virtually assumed that, the truth being bitter, must be given—like medicine in sugar-coated pills—in novels and pretty stories where the texts are well mingled with fiction, where the doubts of a cultivated understanding are hushed by the babble of the "child-heart," and the stings of an uneasy conscience are relieved by the maunderings of some senile laborer. Much as the world may seem to have gained by the milder temper which now rules public opinion in this and other matters, it still, beside that gain, shows the inevitable balance of loss which accompanies all earthly efforts. The habit of walking around obstacles instead of trying to surmount them is one that soon leads to something too like cajolery to please the English Protestant mind, and to dwell almost exclusively on the pleasantest side of a faith seems likely to recommend it to lovers of ease rather than of truth.

One of the many objectionable consequences of the present temper of the preaching mind is that it overflows in all directions, seeking, perhaps, to compensate for the absence of those vigorous if too vehement sermons, and pungent essays, which once swayed the religious world, by an incessant iteration of gentle persuadings, a succession of faint digs at everybody's sensibility. The religious novel appears to offer a charming opportunity for doing people good without any risk of the usual consequence of such benevolent effort, namely, putting them in a rage. There is the story to amuse while the texts improve the weaker reader, and the moral lesson to be appreciated by the stronger. But, unfortunately, people who read to be amused will skip the constructive passages, and a strong mind will not be much impressed by the motions of puppets that all dance upon one string.

There remains, to be sure, that circle of negative intelligences who always believe in that which does not frighten them too much by demanding intellectual effort; but that is not the harvest which stands whitening in the

* I. *The Occupations of a Retired Life*. By Edward Garrett. Boston: Little & Gay, 1868.
II. *The Seaboard Parish*. By George MacDonald, LL.D. New York: George Routledge & Sons, 1868.

LIBRARY TABLE.

fields, waiting in great need for the laborers to gather it in: the men and women who work, and endure their lives with the stoicism of antiquity, and its faith. The world grows more and more indifferent to Christianity, and will do so while its teachers are satisfied with making demands upon its sensibilities and quaint appeals to its fancy. If they dare not try to speak to its reason, if they are afraid of the rejoinders their words might provoke, silence would be better than a style of timid persuasion which repels the intellect of the age and fortifies it in its attitude of contemptuous disregard.

These remarks were immediately suggested by two works that lie before us, both, we believe, originally published in a religious serial. They are both so good that we cannot but regret that their authors should have, as we think, so wasted power. *The Occupations of a Retired Life* are the efforts of a benevolent old gentleman to ameliorate the condition of those around him. In these efforts he is well seconded by a maiden sister who shares his retirement. Her character is decidedly original, and would have borne elaboration with advantage. The same may be said of Ewen McCallum, a young man, the son of a Scotch farmer, who falls under unjust suspicion in the neighborhood. Indeed, both the plot and the rest of the characters are but sketches, which we can but regret were not more fully worked out; germs that might have developed into a work which, as a whole—by such process of development—would indirectly have conveyed lessons of value that can never be taught by a straight fire of texts and moral aphorisms. But the plot is buried under reflections which might have been the making of a thousand tracts, and each in its way would have done good by catching the eye of the poor who read painfully and like short things, while the moral lesson of a story whose hero practises the most noble self-denial in a most unobtrusive way would have sooner reached the heart of the more educated, if unencumbered by a large quantity of copy-book advice. But the amateur preacher in a story resembles the too ambitious diner-out, whose conversation is a series of preparations for the next good thing, while the listener or the reader becomes so nervously apprehensive of the impending blow that he never appreciates it. We hope that the power exhibited in this work may in some future production display itself undisfigured by the author's present mannerisms, which merely succeed in provoking the reader by tripping him up at every sentence with a moral reflection.

In *The Seaboard Parish* we have but little plot, merely the daily life of a clergyman's family, checked by trifling and natural accidents. The family experiences are narrated by the father, who is the "guide, counsellor, and friend" of the whole of the *dramatis personæ*. He does not act or suffer much, but talks a good deal, and, in spite of the author's obvious efforts to prevent it, there is an air of egotism about him. The slightness of the plot contributes somewhat to this end. If it were more elaborate and the narrator lived through suffering and struggles the egotism would disappear, or our sense of it would be drowned in our sympathy. Only an intense realism can save an autobiography from being distasteful to us. But the author wishes to describe a superior man performing his duties in a superior manner, and the more humbly he tries to make him carry himself the more is the effort apparent. The objection to going to church once urged by an unsophisticated child of nature, that the preacher had it all his own way, must be felt with greater force in reading a story where the narrator preaches at you all the time, and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Macdonald has brought his vivid imagination and intense appreciation of nature to a service which it is impossible to render gracious. The course of even so slight a plot as this interrupts reflections which are so exquisite that we can but regret that they were not crystallized into essays; and a natural wish to go on with the story prevents our full enjoyment of sermons that are the poetry of prose. Beautiful as parts of this book are, as a whole it makes but one more addition to the vast number of works which are sure to be welcome in those circles that already accept their doctrine, but render to the multitudes who, bitter with doubt and uncertainty, lie far out of the reach of what seems to them at best but a tender trifling with the terrible questions that perplex them, less aid than ought to be given by a writer of such insight and sympathy and such mental grasp as Mr. Macdonald.

HESIONE; OR, EUROPE UNCHAINED. A Poem delivered before the Φ. Β. Κ. Fraternity of Harvard College, July 16, 1868. By William Everett. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1868.—Poems delivered before college societies have a prescriptive right to be magnificently commonplace and accurately dull, and it is only justice to Mr. William Everett to say that he seems to have known his rights, and knowing dared maintain. Of course the Φ. Β. Κ. Fraternity of Harvard College were highly edified and entertained; of course the select and appreciative audience manifested their delight by frequent and prolonged applause; of course the poet was overwhelmed at the close of his impressive recitation with congratulations from his friends. Possibly more than one elegant floral offering may have testified to the ardent interest of his feminine acquaintances; and no doubt at the ensuing banquet with which we believe the Φ. Β. Κ. Fraternity of Harvard College is in the convivial wont of winding up such festivities more than one felicitous and flattering compliment was paid to the poet of the day. That is all right and proper enough; it promotes mutual kindness and good feeling and is a legitimate part of the entertainment. But when you come to eliminate the Φ. Β. Κ. Fraternity of Harvard College, and the select and appreciative audience, and the congratulatory friends, and the floral offerings, the pretty faces and applauding hands, the banquet, Dr. Holmes, and the general mellowness and good fellowship,—when you take away all this and read in the cold light of impartial criticism such poetry as this (wherein you are to imagine, if you please, that Crete sings)—

"Back, ye Moslem, to your deserts!
Back and taint our isle no more!
Tyrants, leave the home of freedom!
Pagans, quit the Christian shore!

"Think ye, while the peoples round us
Chains of kindred monarchs scorn,
We will crouch in foreign fetters,
Now through years of torture borne?

"Years of grinding, base extortion,
Outrage foul, and murder red,
Call at last for sacred vengeance
On each false oppressor's head," etc., etc. :—

when you come to read in the judicial silence and remoteness of the study twenty-eight very handsomely printed small quarto pages of this sort of thing, what are you to think or to say except that there is but one Φ. Β. Κ. Fraternity, and that Mr. William Everett—vice Holmes, retired—is its poet?

MacCarthy More; or, The Fortunes of an Irish Chief. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1868.—One of the periods in Ireland's history which is peculiarly fitted for historical romance, which opens to the writer a wide untrodden field replete with matter admirably adapted to the purposes of fiction, is that which immediately followed the suppression of Desmond's rebellion, when the stern rule of Elizabeth and the rapacity of her agents made of some of her fairest provinces one sad scene of anarchy and plunder. The country was torn by internal dissensions, party warfare was carried to the utmost extreme, and every party had its time-servers who took advantage of the universal confusion to advance their own interests; all the fiercer passions of man's nature were called into play, and the spirit of revolution was further augmented by the turn which religious affairs were taking. The Church of England, newly established by Elizabeth, increased the jealousy and hatred which existed between political parties in the state, each mortally inimical to the other, but both hating the new church, which stood in equal distance from either. In this dilemma the Catholics looked to Spain, hoping to recover their lost supremacy by aid of the arms of a foreign power. Never was Ireland more in a position to awaken the most ardent feelings of patriotism in her people than at this time, when the sovereign and statesmen of England considered it their best policy to deny her position and rights as a nation, and to treat her with the rigor and injustice so often inflicted on a province. Mrs. Sadlier has chosen in writing of this period to rescue from oblivion the name of one of Ireland's most heroic sons. She candidly admits that her work is neither all truth nor all fiction, but perhaps we may more correctly call it a fictitious biography, in which the main incidents are strictly consistent with historical accuracy, and the more romantic portions are added to give interest and lightness to that which might otherwise have been considered rather dry reading. The narrative is quite picturesque, and raises, beside, a degree of suspense and anxiety in the mind of the reader which prepares him for the gloomy ending of a once promising career. Want of candor is one of the failings which has, with some show of justice, been urged by historians against Florence MacCarthy, but it is well to take into account the difficulties of his position, and the violent and unreasoning spirit of the sovereign in whose power he was thrown. The task of presenting to her readers a succession of scenes and characters connected with the history of Ireland is one which Mrs. Sadlier has undertaken in a reverential spirit, and which in this and in some of her previous works she has executed with zeal and discrimination.

Mignon: A Tale. New York: P. O'Shea. 1868.—A modest little story of rare excellence; a short life drama

full of pathos, warmth, and beauty, gratifying the taste by its artistic merit, overflowing with lofty enthusiasm, and appealing to the heart by a sweetness and purity which no reader can fail to appreciate. The plot is exceedingly simple, the incidents few and not improbable, the personages have an air of reality, and the lesson which is taught by the story is ennobling and true. The development of Mignon's character is exquisitely managed, that of the strange, sad, and afflicted Graziella not less so, while the calm dignity of the lady superior of the convent, her gentleness and freedom from austerity and intolerance, cause us to regret that her appearance upon the scene occurs so seldom.

"What does she desire, what does she seek, this noble woman, in dividing her heart among these little beings confided to her care? Is it distinction? She is the equal of her companions. Is it effect? Her heavy garment is as common as that of her sisters. Is it gain? She has renounced all her wealth and a brilliant future to live in cloistered simplicity. Is it the approbation of the world? Her life is hidden and secluded. Is it repose? She will devote the rest of her strength to this difficult task. Is it gratitude? These young birds will take flight as soon as their wings are able to bear them, and perhaps never think of the hospitable nest which has sheltered them. Is it the remembrance of those who will survive her? A cross of wood on a grassy mound will not even tell her name."

To her care Mignon is confided by a stepmother who forms an admirable contrast in her vulgar and heartless assumption to the serene and gentle nun. Love, that important element in all stories, is not excluded from these agreeable pages, but the author knows how to assign it its just limits in story, and one scene especially, between Mignon and Maurice, is not only very pretty, but quite original. The entire book evinces great earnestness, altogether free from affectation or fanaticism, a high appreciation of truth and beauty, and a thoroughly healthy tone of thought.

Eulalie; or, A Wife's Tragedy. By Miss M. A. Earlie (Cousin May Carleton). New York: Frederic A. Brady.—A well-sustained interest, a carefully preserved though painful mystery, and the utter absence of all the most objectionable features of sensationalism, render this book superior to many others of a similar class. The author shows more skill in portraying character than in constructing a story. The heroine, whose weakness and misfortunes enlist our sympathies, is distinguished by the extraordinary beauty and uncontrolled enthusiasm which often belong to those who are not of the Anglo-Saxon race; her fatal want of moral courage, which leads her indirectly to wrong her husband by refusing to confide in him the secret of her life, notwithstanding that she loves him with truly feminine devotion, is scarcely atoned for by the suffering her conduct entails. The latter portions of the story show less care than the commencement, and the incidents are not managed with the artistic skill we were led to expect. The author is capable of better things, and in justice to herself should bestow more care upon her work.

Friendly Counsel for Girls. By Sydney Cox. New York: G. W. Carleton. 1868.—Herein is much good counsel, dictated by pure feeling and honest conviction, expressed in simple, intelligible language; plain spoken, practical advice and caution, teaching young women what they are to do, and what it becomes them to be, and pointing out the means by which they may be alike respectable and respected of their fellow-beings. The author deals in no abstract speculations, nor does she string together any number of rhapsodies on the ethereal nature or spiritual supremacy of woman; her efforts are directed to the formation of conscientious, truthful women, who accept their necessary labor cheerfully, enjoying life with reason and moderation, considering their own happiness and that of others a legitimate aim, and proving that between the useful and the beautiful there is no antagonism.

Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years, etc. By Sol. Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.—A very amusing and unaffectedly written autobiography by a man whose life has always been a credit to his calling, and whose varied adventures are recited with a pervading sense of humor, that, however, seldom leads him to transcend good taste. Sol. Smith is as famous in the West and South as ever was Tate Wilkinson in England, and the present volume is very much to America what the *Itinerant* is to the older country. A strolling manager from a very early period of his life, Mr. Smith has had an immense number of ups and downs, and now we believe and hope is the possessor of an ample fortune to comfort his declining years. His present work covers a great deal of ground interesting to old theatre-goers, and its perusal takes one back to times when the drama was certainly in a very different state from what it now is. The book, beside giving some curious and instructive information respecting the early history of the theatre in many parts of this country, is full of anecdote, fun, and queer experiences, given always with a good eye to dramatic effect. Few books have appeared of late that on the whole are so diverting, and, as adding to the number of examples that show how hard work and determined perseverance bring their reward at last, Mr. Sol. Smith's autobiography may prove quite as useful as many that affect more sanctimony and exhibit more pretension. Barring too great an affection for bad puns and for occasionally striving to get laughs after the manner that sunbeams are extracted from turnips, the volume deserves much praise, and a little reflection will show any experienced mind how fair it is to make allowances in Mr. Smith's case for these peculiar defects.

Saint Paul. By Frederic W. H. Myers. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1868.—Mr. Randolph has done a real service to all lovers of genuine poetry in republishing so daintily a work which is worthy of its setting. We have heard of Mr. Myers hitherto only in the praises of his English reviewers, but having made his acquaintance we are glad to add our own testimony to his merit. *Saint Paul* is not by any means a great poem, but it is an unusually fine one. The very choice of the subject indicates originality and force, which are confirmed by the author's handling. The inner life of a man like Saint Paul it is not given to every one to enter into and comprehend, and Mr. Myers does not altogether satisfy us with his conception of the great Apostle, but his picture is at least graphic and individualized, and his coloring rich even to excess. Indeed, there is an almost cloying sweetness in the melody of his rhythm and the glowing affluence of his language, which somewhat detracts from the effect of his subject. Plain tints, strong lights and shadows, clear, firm lines should, it seems to us, go to a portraiture like this, and Mr. Myers has apparently erred in giving way to the natural exuberance of a fertile imagination. He is a little too fond, also, of alliteration, antithesis, and similar tricks of verbal legerdemain, into which unusual fluency and felicity of diction, and in some measure the cadence of his verse, easily mislead him; hardly a stanza but is over-loaded with rhetorical ornamentation. An example or two from the first strophes will more clearly show our meaning:

"Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water,
Pass I in patience till the work be done."

"Hearts I have won of sister or of brother,
Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod."

"Bitter with weariness and sick with sin."
"Pour thee the bitter, pray thee for the sweet."

Or in the passage which, despite the exaggeration of the favorite fault, is worth quoting as a good sample of the richness and solemn beauty of Mr. Myers's style:

"Oft shall that flesh imperil and out-weary
Soul that would stay it in the straiter scope,
Oft shall the chill day and the even dreary
Force on my heart the frenzy of a hope:

"Lo! as some ship, outworn and overladen,
Strains for the harbor where her sails are furled;
Lo! as some innocent and eager maiden
Lean's o'er the wistful limit of the world,

"Dreams of the glow and glory of the distance,
Wonderful wooing and the grace of tears;
Dreams with what eyes and what a sweet insistence,
Lovers are waiting in the hidden years:

"Lo! as some venturer from his stars receiving
Promise and preface of sublime emprise,
Wears evermore the seal of his believing
Deep in the dark of solitary eyes;

"Yea to the end in palace or in prison,
Fashions his fancies of the realm to be,
Fallen from the heights or from the deeps arisen,
Ringed with the rocks or sundered of the sea;

"So even I, and with a heart more burning,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Groan for the hour, O Christ! of Thy returning;
Faint for the flaming of Thine advent feet!"

Mr. Swinburne himself could scarcely crowd more extravagance of alliteration into the same number of verses; and not even Mr. Swinburne could more utterly destroy, by excessive use, the beauty and effectiveness of that rhetorical adjunct. But this, after all, is an error in the right direction. Richness is more easily mended than poverty, and Mr. Myers has merits enough to make us lenient to his fewer faults. Felicities of phrase and thought are numerous, as when the Apostle tells us he has been "blank with utter agony of prayer;" or compares himself flying to God from sin to one who, from a burning ship,

"Simple and strong, and desolate and daring,
Leaps to the great embraces of the sea;"

or says of one who has seen God that he will

"Amid all, amid all men bear himself thereafter
Sweet with a solemn and a sweet surprise,
Dumb to their scorn, and turning on their laughter
Only the dominance of earnest eyes."

Beauties of this sort the book is full of, and they are enough to insure Mr. Myers's title to admission among the divine company of bards.

What his rank shall be his future efforts must determine; for this we take only as a sample of his genius, and he is yet as it were on probation. But we are content to base on this production assured hopes of his success hereafter. He will do injustice to himself and to his friends if his exertions do not justify our warmest anticipations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN, & Co., New York.—Mark's First Lessons in Geometry, Objectively Presented. By Bernhard Marks. Pp. 159. 1869.
SCRIBNER, WELFORD, & Co., New York.—Kathrina: Her Life and Mine: In a Poem. By J. G. Holland. Illustrated. Pp. xii., 281. 1869.
The Human Intellect: with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D.D. Pp. xxvii., 673. 1868.
SHELDON & Co., New York.—Ruby's Husband. By Marion Harland. Pp. 392. 1869.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—A Comprehensive Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. Pp. viii., 1,219. 1868.
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York: Dublin: JAMES DUFFY.—The Holy Communion: Its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice. By John Bernard Dalgairns. Third Edition. Pp. xii., 440. 1868.
Gropings after Truth: A Life Journey from New England Congregationalism to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church. By Joshua Huntington. Pp. iv., 167. 1868.

- CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—Travels and Adventures in South and Central America. By Don Ramon Paez. Pp. xlviii., 473. 1868.
STRAN & Co., London; New York: ROUTLEDGE & SONS.—The Wizard of the Mountain. By William Gilbert. Vol. I., pp. 323; Vol. II., pp. 349. 1867.
T. NELSON & SONS, London and New York.—The Bird. By Jules Michelet. With 210 Illustrations by Giacomelli. Pp. x., 340. 1868.
J. W. BOUTON, New York.—Passio Christi—Die kleine Passion. The Little Passion of Albert Dürer. Reproduced in fac-simile. Edited by W. C. Prime. Pp. 28. Plates xxvii. 1868.
HARTER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Woman's Kingdom: A Love Story. Pp. 183. 1868.
Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In two vols. Vol. I., pp. x., 484; Vol. II., pp. 486. 1868.
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston and New York.—The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet. Complete edition. Pp. viii., 487. 1869.
Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Vol. I., pp. 222; Vol. II., pp. 228. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- ROBERT M. DE WITT, New York.—De Witt's Acting Plays: No. 31. Taming a Tiger: A Farce, in One Act. Adapted from the French. —No. 32. The Little Rebel: A Farce, in One Act. By J. Sterling Coyne. —No. 33. One Too Many for Him: A Farce, in One Act. By Thomas J. Williams, Esq.
We have received current numbers of The Sunday Magazine, Good Words, The Quiver—London: Blackwood's Magazine, The Month, Tinsley's Magazine, Belgavia, etc.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AUGUSTE VON BÄRNDORF.

TO constitute a great actor requires so rare a combination of the gifts of nature and the acquisition of knowledge that there are necessarily but few who can properly lay claim to that title. The actor, in the ideal acceptance of the word, is the representative of three distinct branches of the arts, namely, the plastic art, music, and the art of dramatic realization—plastic art, by his figure, grace of position, and mimicry; music, by vocal modulation in reading; and dramatic realization, in the embodiment of character. An actor may be great in the first of these elements only; he may have mastered the pantomimic part of the play, and yet be deficient in, nay absolutely lack, the other two requisites to completeness. On the other hand, his vocal intonations may be pleasing and grateful to the ear, and yet the judgement be compelled to condemn the "reading" except as to the second of these requisites. Finally, he may thoroughly implant in your mind the conception of the author, and yet not satisfy in any other than the third particular. Any two of these essentials of greatness in acting may be possessed without the third; in any degree approaching perfection all three combined are very rarely met with.

Auguste von Bärndorf (the Baroness de Schultz), who on Friday, the 6th inst., made her debut at the German Stadt Theatre, perhaps more happily combines these various elements than any woman who has as yet been seen by an American audience. In figure, bearing, and beauty of countenance she satisfies the æsthetic taste; her voice is musical and sympathetic; and her conception and interpretation are, intellectually and emotionally, thorough and correct. Of the first of these elements, perhaps, no artist was ever so truly representative as Rachel. Faultless in symmetry of outline, she was also so faultless in posturing that if at any moment while moving upon the stage she had been transformed into marble, she would have conveyed to the mind of the future beholder a graceful ideal of the passion or sentiment she was enacting; and yet for the very reason that she had this one requisite in excess she failed thoroughly to sympathize with her. She was as perfect as a marble of Praxiteles and almost as cold. You could adore but never love the greatest actress of France and of her time. Ristori fails in the one important element of idealization, without which every art loses half its value. Not only should the stage hold the mirror up to nature, but it should also improve nature by strengthening the essential, and weakening or lessening the non-essential, elements. The reason why a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is superior to a painted photograph lies in the adherence of a great artist to this one important rule. Sir Joshua painted solely the important elements which characterized the face of his subject, a photograph portrays with equal faithfulness those which are simply incidental and accidental.

The pieces which Madame von Bärndorf selected for her debut were German translations of Scribe's *Bataille de Dames*, and a one-act comedy, also from the French, entitled *The Actress*. The Countess d'Autreval, the heroine of the former piece, is one of the leaders of society under the Restoration. She is past thirty, has all the accomplishments of the coquette combined with all the good and true sentiments of the woman; a veritable woman of the world, yet one whom the world had not spoiled; a woman capable of strong feelings, but equally capable of self-control; possessed of a heart which could love ardently, but at the call of duty would renounce its idol, on learning to her sorrow that a full-blown flower does not, to a young man of twenty-four, prove so attractive as the imagined possibilities of the just opening bud. To represent such a character requires a woman who has lived, has thought, has loved—and Madame Bärndorf proves herself such an one.

There is so much of grace in the highest social elements of life; there is so much beauty in the seeming formalities of a civilized *salon*, that we deem it a signal advantage for our countrywomen to have the opportunity which is here afforded them to see a living embodiment of the ease and dignity of the European woman of society. Madame Bärndorf may teach our young ladies that their boarding-school

lessons on decorum and behavior do not comprise the whole social code, and that one of the graduates of such an educational establishment is not, for that very reason, fitted to take the place of a Madame de Lafayette, a Récamier, a Roland, or (as Scribe paints her) a Madame d'Autreval. Our gifted German guest causes us to realize that a designing is not necessarily a heartless woman, and that the queens of society are such because the helmets and cuirasses of their social rules cover brains and hearts, and not automaton. To the inner life, the soul and brain manifestations of the women of the drawing-room, Madame Bärndorf introduces us. All outbursts of passion are forbidden; the voice is always under control; and, no matter what she suffers or feels, the sentiments which sway her are indicated but not expressed. It is the luminousness, the noon-day clearness of these indications, the wonderful power of a whisper, a look, a movement of the body, which makes Madame Bärndorf's performance a psychological study.

It is much to be regretted that this gem is so badly set; not but that the company at the Stadt Theatre is equal to average stock companies, but that its locality, combined with the faulty construction of the house, make it almost impossible to draw to performances within its walls our better or, rather, richer class of citizens. Just this very class, however, requires most of all the salutary lessons of the school of art represented by Madame Bärndorf. We therefore sincerely hope that some up-town theatre can be found, say somewhere near Madison or Fifth Avenue, whence this gifted lady can radiate wholesome social influences upon our prosperous merchants and bankers, their wives and their daughters.

TABLE-TALK.

AS the winter comes nearer, and the world in-doors grows more and more attractive, we should look for new activity and awakening amid the dear, impalpable freemasonry of chess. It is not every one who knows the pleasantness of chess *al fresco* in the summer;

"For we are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times,"

and so young a world as ours cannot be expected to have found out everything. At all events, most chess-players do other things in summer and play their chess almost altogether in the cold season. But we do not see much new life as yet in chess circles. Bad organization—the bane of all elegances of leisure in New York—has something to do with it. There is, as strangers who will inquire very vigorously can sometimes find out in a week, a chess club in the University building. Pleasant enough it is, too, when once you are there; there are very few lovers of the game of games in the city that have not all manner of kindly and grateful remembrance of its hospitalities. But getting there is the thing, and the town is singularly destitute of chess accommodation anywhere else. Not even at most of the club-houses do they keep tables and men, and as for the coffee-house nooks and cosy little *échequeries* of London or Paris, we have scarcely a shadow of them. The one place down town where, with the slight distraction of ten billiard-tables clicking and ten times as many glasses, one could chance on a good game of chess—Otis Field's—is up-rooted too,—chess interferes with the billiards, we suppose,—so that now we really do not know where the numerous players who are not of the upper ten thousand can hope to find an antagonist or a chess-board. There are still some chess-boards to be seen at the St. Denis, but since its genial old host yielded to that dark champion who mates us all at last they seem like their own ghosts to one who knew them in poor Jullien's day. Really we don't know, and should be glad to know, where else there is quiet and a whole set of chess-men to be had. If, as it seems probable, there is little interest taken in this, the noblest of games, in New York this coming winter, will not this want of enterprise be a great contributing cause?

The *Philadelphia Press* copies from that doubtful authority, an "exchange," some exceedingly abusive stuff about Mr. Delane, the editor of *The London Times*. According to this unprejudiced censor, Mr. Delane is "a coarse, heavy, vulgar sort of man, rough, and sometimes even brutal, in manner, except to those whom it is necessary to conciliate and flatter," etc., etc. He is also in the habit of grossly insulting his subordinates and contributors, calling them names, abusing their copy, and so forth. It is one of the inevitable consequences of an editorial position that its holder is subjected to the abuse of every malignant, incapable, or disappointed writer, and that the very best and kindest of men are thus often made "unpopular" without deserving it, and held up for public reprobation. Mr. Delane is, in point of fact, one of the most urbane and generous of the leading English journalists. Few men have done more good in their day or are in the habit of doing more good at the present time. We refer to the malicious scandal respecting him not because, considering the manifest obscurity and animus of its source, it can do Mr. Delane any harm, or because he is likely to be in want of a defender, but because the report illustrates others that we often hear about editors nearer home, and which in most cases have their origin in similar causes. People who write, or wish to write, for newspapers are unfortunately not exempt from the passions and weaknesses of the rest of mankind, and when their services cannot be made avail-

able, or, having been availed of, are dispensed with, they sometimes try to injure the immediate author of their discomfiture. We have heard the editor of a New York daily called the most noble and generous and the most self-fish and depraved of mortals by the self-same lips and in the short space of a month. It is plain that these stories of brusqueness, hardness, and tyranny must emanate from persons who are in the obvious position to suffer from such qualities. They are the contributors, that is to say, or the would-be contributors, or the dissatisfied contributors, who consider themselves at once the cleverest and the most unfortunate of essayists, and who go about revenging themselves upon an unappreciative world by anathematizing the vicarious editors. The latter, miserable souls, are forced to consider not what writers but what the public would like to see printed. In the case of a journal like *The Times* the matter which seeks publication to the matter that gets it must be as something like a hundred to one. Hence it is easy to see there must be disappointments. Of course there are such creatures occasionally as illiberal, oppressive, and arrogant editors; but any one who reflects a little must see that the general tendency of the editorial occupation must be to bring out and develop the judicial qualities, that there is every incentive in the calling to make a man discriminating and just, and that it must be constantly against his interest to be otherwise. Editors are surely a very hard worked and very much vilified class, and the public should think of them with lenity and consideration, and receive these sinister-looking stories to their prejudice with proper grains of salt.

MONODY.

I.
The dreams—the fleeting dreams of youth,
How beautiful were they,
When all things seemed full fraught with truth,
And life an endless May!
It brings the tears now to mine eyes,
A faltering to my tongue,
To think how rapidly time flies—
How long since I was young.

II.
More fair the world was then to me,
Bathed in serenest light;
The sun then shone more goldenly,
More clear the stars at night:
The flowers more gorgeous bloomed than now,
Birds more melodious sung;
A change has come, I know not how,
On all since I was young.

III.
My early dreams of love and fame
Like Summer-birds have flown,
And ashes grey, instead of flame,
Are on my heart's hearth-stone;
And sweet-voiced hopes lie hushed and dead,
Whose pæans gayly rung;
And shadows o'er my brow are spread,
Not there when I was young.

IV.
Ah, life was like some fairy show,
In youth's ambrosial clime,
Where fairy forms moved to and fro,
Nor feared the frowns of time!
Now faded are their roses all,
Whose throbs their breasts have stung;
And withering leaves around me fall,
Grown sere since I was young.

V.
I gaze on each familiar scene
With pleasure and regret,
For memories fair of what has been
Illume the landscape yet;
And far-off harmonies I hear
From chords now quite unstrung,
Whose perfect music charmed my ear
And heart when I was young.

VI.
The dreams—the fleeting dreams of youth
Were bright, but let them go—
Frail webs of air that time undo'th,
Mocking their rosy glow:
Yet who so old in weary years,
Earth's withering crowds among,
He drops no unavailing tears
To think—when I was young!

HANS SACHS.

PEOPLE who have had their clothes and their tempers irretrievably ruined by the careless brandishing of lighted cigar-stumps in the street will thank us for calling to the attention of street-smokers the gross rudeness of which they are thus so frequently guilty. Doubtless it is a futile labor; a person who can deliberately poison the air which his neighbors are unluckily obliged to breathe in common with him will think little of the inferior enormity of destroying their garments or scarifying their fingers. But the most obtuse of the most inveterate of street-smokers can be made to see of the latter what he can never be brought to admit of the former: that it is at least a tangible grievance. We may have no right to fresh air, which, indeed, our street commissioners take care that we shall get as little of as possible, but we have certainly a right to protect our persons and our property from the destroying brand. Under this friendly word of admonition we might also include those agreeable gentlemen who are constantly poking one in the back or cracking one on the shins or banging one over the head or pulling out one's eyes with their restless canes or their unmanageable umbrellas. Why does not somebody start a school of instruction in the use of these articles?—which most men are apparently as incapable

of carrying in the street without detriment to their neighbors as *The Tribune* is of treating a political opponent as though he might possibly be a gentleman.

THE election frauds in this state are condemned with indignation by good men of all parties, as well they may be. We should be glad to see some prominent Democrats take part with the Republican committee in prosecuting the investigation and bringing about the punishment of the guilty. Mr. Hoffman is no doubt elected, with all probable decrements of his majority; and for the purposes of the proposed investigation it is well, for some reasons, that this should be the case. The investigation should not be a partisan one, and it could scarcely be otherwise if a partisan triumph promised to be a leading result of such a thing. As we have said elsewhere, we believe Republicans to have been mixed up with these frauds, as well as Democrats; an additional reason why pure men of both parties should unite in bringing the criminals to justice.

REGRET.

I.
Oh! Current of Life,
With thy jarring and strife,
Thy banks were once curtained with drapery bright;
But the stream of my hours
Has forsaken the flowers,
And wanders alone through the blackness of night.

II.
Oh! River of Years,
Fast flowing with tears,
The zephyrs of Eden once sang to thy waves;
Now the winter wind roars
On thy desolate shores,
While thy shadowy depths are but merciless graves.

III.
Still—on, ever on,
Thy waters roll down
To the sunless retreats of Eternity's Sea,
Where the waves of the deep
Their dark vigils keep,
And murmur no more on the land or the sea.

WILLIAM HENRY WADDELL.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, October 31, 1868.

THE book lately printed by Messrs. Wiggins & Lunt, of Boston, and called *My Campaigns in America*, has some curious and interesting associations. The manuscript was found by Dr. Green, of Boston, at a book-stall on one of the quays at Paris, and proved to be the autograph military journal of Count William de Deux-Ponts, who came to America under Rochambeau, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Deuxponts Regiment; and who was actively engaged in the campaigns of our Revolution from July, 1780, till the siege and surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in October, 1781.

CAPT. MAYNE REID is to edit and Mr. Carleton is to publish a new magazine "for the youth of America," beginning with January 1. If the contents of the new venture are as attractive as is the young lady who graces the first page of the intended cover, success will be assured.

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co. have distinguished themselves by publishing a novel called *The Child Wife*, which, if we are to credit the opinions of the most respectable journals in London, is about as prurient and disgusting a fiction as has been published for a long time.

MR. CARLETON announces a life of Mr. Pomeroy—who chose to be known as "Brick" Pomeroy before the election, whatever may be his pleasure after it—a satire by Mr. C. H. Webb, styled *The Wickedest Woman in New York*, and a treatise called *The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Conversation*.

The American Publisher and Bookseller will publish a Christmas number which is intended to be uncommonly handsome and attractive.

MR. LONGFELLOW'S *New England Tragedies* are, we fear, a complete failure in England. Popular as he is there, and softened as are all the criticisms with sops of deprecation and admiration, the English press almost universally declares the *Tragedies* to be unworthy of their author, and less meritorious than any considerable poem he has hitherto published. The volume is, we believe, more successful here—partly, perhaps, because of some uncommonly silly and spiteful attacks that have been made upon it by the newspapers—but the *Tragedies* indicate failing powers in a measure that we think does Mr. Longfellow injustice, and we shall be impatient to see him produce something else more consonant with his reputation.

THE MESSRS. APPLETON promise a much more extended and sumptuous list of gift books for the holidays than, some time ago, we thought probable. We are in hopes that after all anticipation to the contrary the publishing trade in December may be brisk and profitable.

THE SHIP OF EARTH.

ENOUGH the earth has rested in the harbor of the night,
With south winds blowing farewell kisses to one lingering star,
She drifts on tides that bear her to yon black-shored sea of light
Whose silver breakers flash and foam upon the eastern bar;

To sway all day upon the buoyant playing of the sea,
Or lie, when noon is high, a calmly undulating barque,
Or sail before the gale of eve, that blows her fast and free
Past the bright sunset-harbor lights into the peaceful dark.

Thou Ship of Earth, with Death, and Birth, and Life, and Sex aboard,
And fires of Desires burning hotly in the hold,
I fear thee, O! I fear thee, for I hear the tongue and sword
At battle on the deck, and the wild mutineers are bold!

The dewdrop morn may fall from off the petal of the sky,
But all the deck is wet with blood and stains the crystal red.
A pilot, God, a pilot! for the helm is left awry,
And the best sailors in the ship lie there among the dead!

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE worthy and excellent *Spectator* has once or twice lately in articles and advertisements sounded a note of complaint that its advocacy of people and things American had entailed upon it pecuniary disadvantage. If we do not err, one of its statements was that the loss involved by such advocacy amounted to a sum in pounds the editors did not like to think of—or phraseology to that effect. It would almost seem as if, taught wisdom by experience, *The Spectator* were determined to win back lost favor by trying the other tack. A few weeks ago it printed a remarkably sharp bit of criticism on the manners of grown-up Americans travelling in Europe, and now, in its issue of October 24, there is an attack on American children of a character which every sentiment of patriotism and philoprogenitiveness prompts us to resent and to repel. Hear this interested and sinister assailant of childish innocence:

"We would undertake in any hotel on the Continent to tell the nationality of any child by the arrangements made for his or her food, and by his or her relations to the servants. There is the American child, first, whose position is the simplest and easiest conceivable. She, if above three years of age, is a 'grown-up,' paid for like any other guest, entitled to the same privileges, displaying the same entire independence of any kind of control, and evincing all the curious national contempt for servants of all grades. An American child of four in a Swiss hotel is perfectly capable of ordering a *petit verre* after dinner, and if she did would get it without the slightest interference from mamma, or the governess, or, indeed, any human being except possibly the waiter, who would speedily be brought to a due sense of his position and responsibilities. Dining at Zurich, a few days since, the writer noticed a perfect specimen of the kind. She was a bright-eyed, fair-haired little thing, probably seven years old, but in appearance scarcely five, who marched into the room with the air of mingled curiosity and pomp so comical in sharp children, made way for her father, a grave man of fifty, but calmly ordered her mother to take another chair. Mamma had seated herself outside her husband, and baby intended to sit between her and the governess. This arrangement accomplished, and a waiter who proffered a high chair summarily sent into disgrace, baby unrolled her napkin, read the *menu* carefully, remarked that she liked sweets, and gravely went in for dinner. Of ten or twelve dishes that child tasted every one, insisted on a separate glass of claret, and at last fixed the affections of her over-filled little person on some cheese-cakes. First she ate her own share. Then she sidled up to her governess, remarked in American that she had not had half enough, and, in French, that the lady opposite was clearly English, and, under cover of her chatter, quietly stole and bolted the poor woman's cheese-cakes. Then she turned to her mother; but her mother had passed the dish, and we thought she was at the end of her resources. Not a bit of it. In the shrillest and calmest of trebles she ordered the head waiter, then about fifty feet off, 'to bring papa some more cheese-cakes,' clutched three, and putting one on the governess's plate—either out of a theory of restitution, as we hope, or an idea of making her an accomplice, as we fear—bolted the other two, and then nudged her mother for admiration. With insignificant variations of circumstances she was the typical American female child as encountered in Switzerland, the most independent, self-helpful, greedy little imp alive."

The idea of talking in this way of American children, when all civilized people know that they are the best bred, best educated, most charming, most self-restrained, most respectful of the rights, wishes, delicacy, nerves, and persons of others, most everything that is delightful and perfect of all the children in the world! Faugh! Were it not for our respect for the previous good deeds of a directly opposite kind of which *The Spectator* has been so generous a perpetrator we should almost be tempted to become vituperative. As it is we consign the journal to the mercy of the Bricks and Pograms of *The Evening Post*. None are more familiar or more in sympathy with the feelings and virtues of the rising generation than are those incorruptible patriots and delicate journalists. Let them fling high their oriflamme, pitch grammar to the winds, and charge for liberty and Young America.

WE recommend Mr. Cornelius O'Dowd not to come within reach of Mrs. Cady Stanton, and, if he comes to this country, he will do well to avoid even the sacred vicinage of the *Sorosis*. His excerpt from the talk of a crafty politician, "Give them all they ask, and you'll soon see how soon they'll be sick of it," is so far in harmony with our own opinion as to have formed the burden of an article on the subject that appeared, some time ago, in *The Round Table*, and which happened to be somewhat widely copied in England. It would be, as *Cornelius* says, a somewhat costly way to resolve the question, but everything is costly nowadays, war and emancipation among the rest, and "to admit women to the competition they aspire to, making them pay the price in all that they should surrender," would assuredly bring the woman's rights issue to a climax and resolve it in one way or another. Incidentally it would stop agitation, however, which is probably the last thing those most interested would desire, even if it involved the affirmation in the highest court of all their appeals.

WE observe that the new half-penny evening paper called *The Mercury*, lately started in London, has stopped. It seems the price was too low. A penny for London and two cents for New York seems to be the cheapest figure at which a paper will pay. The tendency here is decidedly toward cheapness in evening papers, and with the fall of gold we imagine our high-priced journals will have to lower their rates. At present new and inexpensive rivals, such as *The Mail* and *Telegram*, are taking a good deal of the wind out of their sails.

It is said that the copyright to the last works of Hallam has now run out in England. Mr. Murray, on the other hand, says that the copyright to some of the best portions he still holds, having begun, we think, in 1848. Meanwhile, in the absence of international copyright law,

Mr. Widdleton sells a beautiful edition of Hallam for very much less than will buy it in London.

In France all caricatures and other engravings intended for the public journals must be submitted to the authorities for inspection before publication. It would be an abridgement of the liberty of the press, but even with this disadvantage it would surely be a great social blessing if a similar rule could be established in New York.

MANCHESTER, England, exults in two new weekly "magazines," *The Sphinx* and *The Shadow*. New York is happy in several combinations of the two.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. announce a monthly bulletin of American and English publications.

MR. MOTLEY's great history is to be immediately published in a cheap edition by Murray.

M. MICHELET's splendid work *The Bird* has been published in New York by Thomas Nelson & Sons. We shall give it the attention it merits at an early day.

MR. FULLER, of *The Cosmopolitan*, has, we are glad to see, emerged from durance vile. We never believed in applying coercion of this sort to editors—with the solitary exception of Geo. Francis Train, who, we think, occupies such a position "on" *The Revolution*.

We are sorry to see an announcement of the death of a lady who, if not the wife of M. Alexandre Dumas, père, was at least the mother of M. Alexandre Dumas, fils.

The American Register, a paper published in Paris, has lately been enlarged, and seems a useful publication for our countryfolk sojourning in the Old World.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(106).—In Cornell's *Intermediate Geography* (new edition), of which there was quite a complimentary review in *The Round Table* of a recent date, we see advanced that absurd theory so frequently made use of to prove that the earth is round—i. e., that we see the masts of a ship before any other portion comes into view. It is necessary to teach children that the earth is round, but is it commendable, even admissible, to use as facts things that all thinking men know to be false? Will not some ingenious reader of *The Round Table*, who has sufficient time, compute the number of hours it will take a ship to sail around the globe, if she sail sufficient distance in two hours' time to be below the horizon?

MOBILE, Ala., October 17, 1868.

W. E. M.
We shall be glad to have "some ingenious reader" make the calculation suggested—especially since, in our innocence, we have always supposed

the frequent spectacle of vessels "hull-down" in the distance to afford real exemplification of the illustration our correspondent challenges. We mean that, if the ingenious correspondent argues that the hull is not concealed by the convexity of the earth, he ought to show what it is that intercepts our view of it.

(107).—Will you please inform me, through *Notes and Queries*, how you parse the word *what*, as it occurs in the sentence beginning, "What with its normal schools and teachers' institutes," etc., found in the article on *Normal School Literature*, in your last number? [No. 195.] The construction is often found in Dickens, and if it is neither an exclamation nor a substitution of what for which, I fail to see the elegance, letting alone the grammar, of it.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

We believe that we are unequal to the task proposed, and must be content to dismiss the *what* in question to the category of the inexplicable covered by the term "idiom" or "license," as, for all we can see, must be done with numerous well accepted uses of the word—e. g.: *what not, what, ho!* etc. But we do not hesitate to assert the accuracy of the phrase, so far as the frequent usage of good writers—by which we do not mean Mr. Dickens, whose English is often rickety—can establish it.

(108).—In a recent elaborate and very carefully prepared argument before the Superior Court of this city, one of the most illustrious lawyers of Massachusetts said, "I will, therefore, be dispensed from the disturbing influences," etc., etc.; and in a statement lately published by the governors of St. John's College, of this state, appears this sentence, "The traditional hospitality and courtesy of Marylanders happily dispense the board from the necessity," etc., etc. Are the above expressions correct?
BALTIMORE, October 13, 1868.

Clearly so, we think. One of the equivalents of *to dispense* is *to have* (or *give*) *dispensation*, and we cannot see that any other preposition than *from* would be available.

(109).—In reading the poems of Mrs. E. C. Kinney I observe this line:
"Flowers are smiles of God."
It strikes me that I have heard or seen it before, but cannot remember. Can you tell me whether it is original or not?

Yours, etc.,
JOHN F. JOHNSON.
NEW YORK, Oct. 24, 1868.

(110).—Does the history of practical homeopathy go any further back than Hahnemann? I inquire because it would seem that the theory is much older. Shakespeare says (Second Part of *Henry IV.*, Act I., scene 1):

"Morton.— . . . This is the news at full.
"North.—For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison, there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well." G.

(111).—"Purley's" question (93) about *well* or *good*, *ill* or *bad*, after certain verbs seems to me to have been sufficiently answered. But I wish to ask for a further "philosophic reason." Why should it happen that *well* and its opposite, *ill*, should have the same form as adjective and as adverb, when, so far as I know, this is the case with no other words in the language? In the case of the latter what would seem to be a sense of the impropriety, at any rate of the unusualness, of the form has impelled writers of newspaper English, cheap clergymen and schoolmasters, *et id genus omne*, to the use of the absurd word *illy*, and pretty soon *wellly* may be expected to show itself, if we may trust the analogy.
NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1868.

(112).—In two late numbers of your paper appeared the expression *somebody else's*. Would not *somebody's else* be better?
ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1868.

It is a moot point which every now and then gives rise to a controversy whose conclusion is apt to leave those who follow it in much the same mind they were of at its commencement—witness the one which has just been in progress in *The Athenaeum*. Purists put under ban both *anybody else* and *somebody else*, but they are so convenient for the circumlocutions, *any and some other person*, that they can scarcely be suppressed. Accepting the word, the formation of the possessive must be determined by the disposition one makes of *else*; if we regard it as still the adverb it originally was, it is, of course, indeclinable; but actually the two parts have become to all intents and purposes one word, and might better be written so, in which case there would remain no doubt about *somebody-else's*—which seems to us the preferable form.

(113).—In the sixth satire of the First Book of Horace occurs the following clause (since 104), viz.:

"Nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo vel, si libet, usque Tarentum," etc.;
literally rendered, "Now I may go even to Tarentum, if I please, on my 'curto' mule!"

I have left "*Curto*" untranslated, because this famous little mule of Horace's has given his admirers no small trouble in finding a meaning for the word which describes him. "*Curto mulo*," "*Bob-tailed mule*," says the school-boy with keen enjoyment of the phrase. "Oh! no; that's undignified," says an objector, "and, beside, we have no evidence that 'nicking' the tails of horses was practised." "*Curto mulo*," "*cropped mule*," says another; i. e., "with the mane on his neck carefully trimmed!" That is better, but unsupported by other quotations. "*Curto mulo*," "*Little mule*," argues No. 3, to which another critic replies that "nothing can be more tame and spiritless!" "*Curto mulo*," "*Castrated mule*," suggests the German lexicographer Georges. "Nonsense!" says one with more knowledge of Latin than of domestic economy: "where's the use of castrating a mule?" Can't some of your critics throw additional light on this troublesome mule?
WILLIAM HENRY WADDELL.
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Oct. 31, 1868.

(93).—I cannot give a "philosophic reason for the distinctions" noted by "Purley," but would suggest that he consult a dictionary, where he will find that *well* and *ill* are sometimes adjectives, and consequently the rule regarding reflexive verbs holds good in the hypotheses expressed by him. So that he may say, in strict accordance with the rule, that he feels ill, or a friend looks well, or a song sounds well. A respect for the truth should prevent him from saying that a rose smelt bad, but there is no grammatical nor social rule by which such an expression could be declared incorrectly formed. To say that a poppy, for instance, smelt bad, would be perfectly, and in all respects, correct. Perhaps the apparent inconsistency existing between the two rules respecting verbs—one requiring an adverb and the other an adjective for the qualifying word—may be explained away by supplying an ellipsis in the latter case, as follows: When we say that a lady looks charming, we mean that she looks to be charming, and so forth.
PHILO LOGOS.

(105).—I think the work which Professor Waddell refers to [a translation of Horace] was reviewed in *The Nation* last year. I cannot lay my hand upon the paper, but I remember a review of such a translation as he speaks of in that paper.
Yours,
G. A. B.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DR. SHERMAN is obtaining a European as well as an American reputation for the success with which he treats the worst cases of Hernia, that have baffled the efforts of other practitioners. Dr. Valentine Mott, the greatest of American surgeons, spoke in the highest terms of Dr. Sherman's method of treatment, and now (as will be seen from an advertisement in the first column of the last page of to-day's *Round Table*) an eminent surgeon of King's College, London, has adopted Dr. Sherman's appliances and pronounced them superior to any in use in England.

A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.

NEW YORK, October 20, 1868.

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